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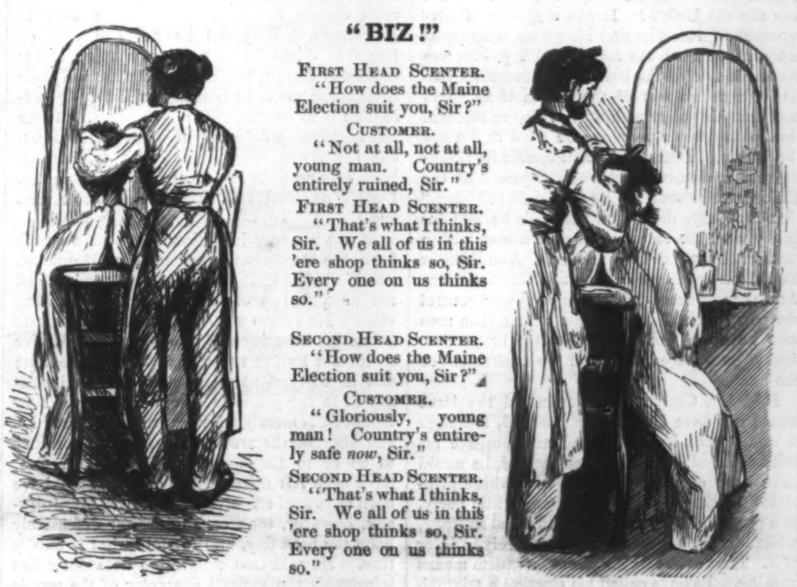
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FAIR.

NEW HAMPSHIRE appears to have been the first State to hold her annual agricultural fair this year; and its unprecedented success indicates that these important exhibitions have a very strong hold on the public mind. For nearly a generation these agricultural fairs have been general in all the States; they were so firmly established at the beginning of the late war that their repetition each year of its existence was not interrupted, nor their temporary discontinuance even suggested. It is a pity, however, that exhibitions of this character are confined only to the agricultural and mechanical branches. In Europe almost every branch of manufactures—all the arts and the scientific associations—even the fishers, have regular exhibitions of this kind, calculated to incite to greater exertions and the production of finer qualities. There is no reason why similar exhibitions should not be arranged in this country.

The New Hampshire Fair opened on September 15, and continued, with great success, for four days. At least 20,000 persons were in attendance each day; and the various exhibitions of stock of various kinds were large and numerous, clearly showing an increased interest in the production of the best breeds of the various animals. We present on this page, as proof of the prevalence of this spirit, and as indicative of the progress which New Hampshire has made in stock-raising, *portraits* of several of the prize animals of this year's fair.



"BIZ!"

FIRST HEAD SCENTER.
"How does the Maine Election suit you, Sir?"

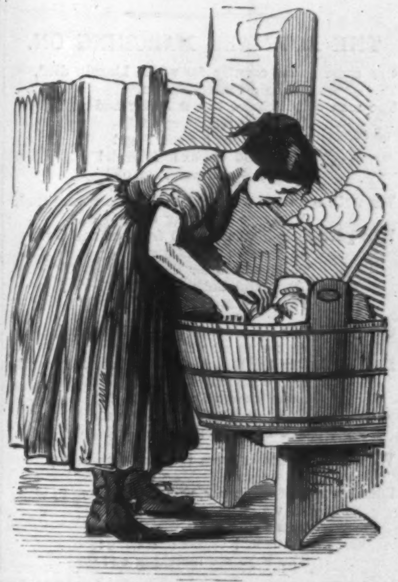
CUSTOMER.
"Not at all, not at all, young man. Country's entirely ruined, Sir."

FIRST HEAD SCENTER.
"That's what I thinks, Sir. We all of us in this 'ere shop thinks so, Sir. Every one on us thinks so."

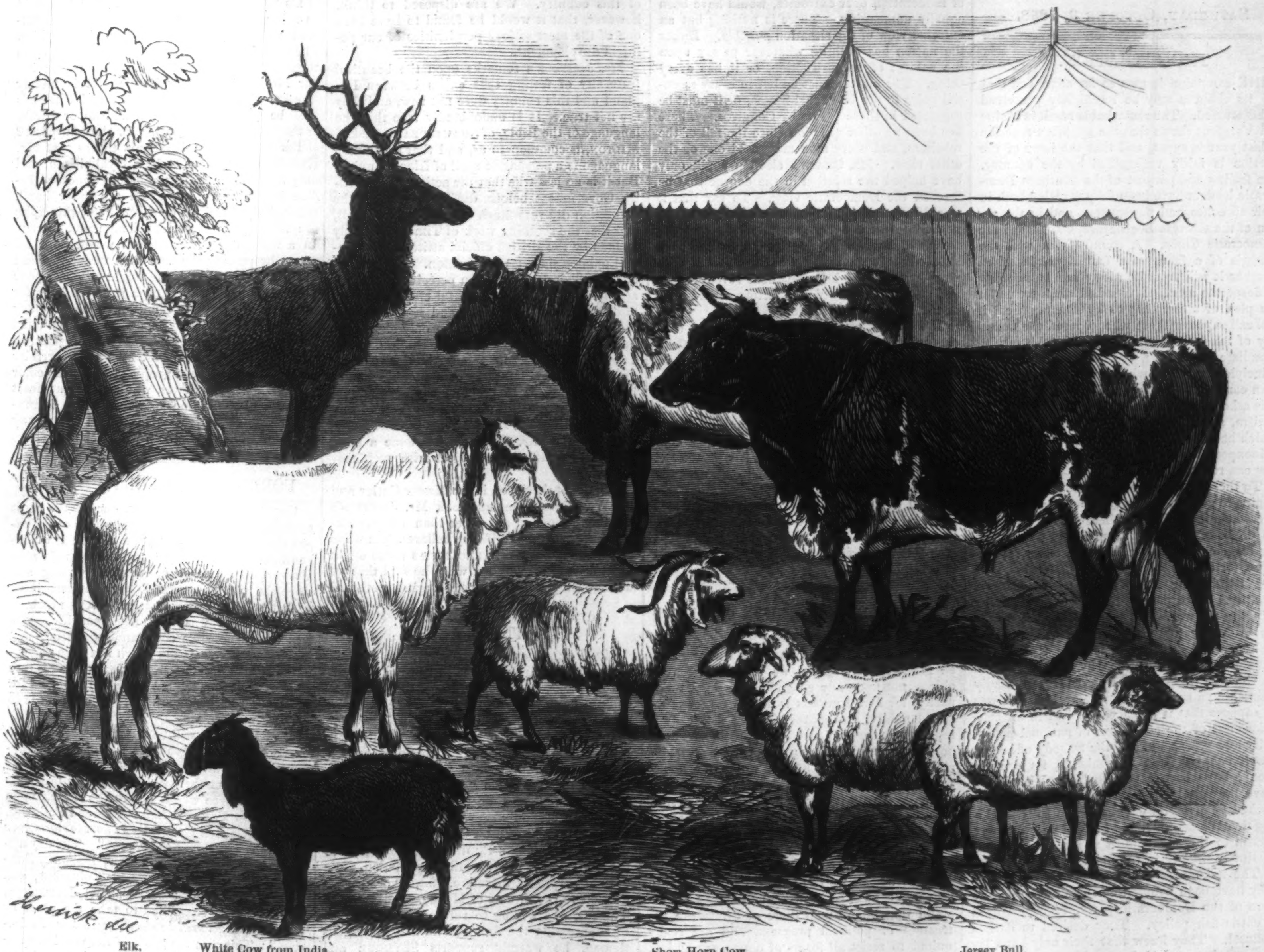
SECOND HEAD SCENTER.
"How does the Maine Election suit you, Sir?"

CUSTOMER.
"Gloriously, young man! Country's entirely safe *now*, Sir."

SECOND HEAD SCENTER.
"That's what I thinks, Sir. We all of us in this 'ere shop thinks so, Sir. Every one on us thinks so."



THE ORIGINAL "GRECIAN BEND," AS *NOT* PRACTICED AT SARATOGA.


Herrick. del
Elk.
White Cow from India.
Patnah Goat.
Angora Goat.
Short-Horn Cow.
Cotswold Wether.
Jersey Bull.
South Down.

PRIZE ANIMALS AT THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FAIR, SEPTEMBER 15–19, 1868.

WE CAN'T SURRENDER NOW!

The struggle was too fierce and long,
The cost in lives too dear—
Not yet forgotten are the braves
Who had no thought of fear;
They could not see the old flag torn
From Freedom's hallowed brow,
Nor can we lose what they bequeathed—
We can't surrender now!

While Hope is strong within the breast
Of ev'ry freeman true—
While Union's symbol proudly floats
Its red and white and blue—
While God is just, and Might o'er Right
No victory will allow,
We will be true to Liberty—
We can't surrender now!

Then ask us not to vote for those
Who held our brave boys back,
When onward came the Union's foes
With desolating track;
We can not blot the record fair
Of Freedom's holy vow,
We can not dim Truth's sacred light—
We can't surrender now!

THE BOYS ARE MARCHING ON.

Our cause is the country for which Lincoln died,
As we go marching on.
The man of his choice is our leader and guide,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for the Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

We walk the same road that our brothers once trod,
As we go marching on,
Who gave their lives nobly to freedom and God,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for the Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

Our goal is the Union redeemed and restored,
As we go marching on;
Reclaimed from her enemies—saved from the sword,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for our Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

We've glorious news from the Pine-tree State,
As we go marching on.
Soon her sisters will speak, we have not long to wait,
As we go marching on.
Three cheers for the Flag!
Grant and Colfax! Hurrah!
The boys are marching on!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 3, 1868.

THE SITUATION.

THE campaign is now so far advanced that its chances may be intelligibly perceived and discussed. The remarkable result in Maine and Vermont shows that the apparent reaction of last year is spent, and that the issue of the election is fairly understood by the country. The feeling and purpose of the Southern Democratic leaders have been fully revealed both in their speeches and newspapers, and in the action of the Georgia Legislature, and that of the Democratic Clubs. A country torn with the struggle of a four years' fearful war is asked whether it will trust its safety and tranquillity to desperate men. It is asked whether, under the plea of attempting to lighten taxation, it will call to power those who imposed the necessity of taxes. It is asked to forget history, to repudiate experience, and to disregard all the principles and laws which usually govern human conduct. In the height of its civilization it is asked to recur to the brute methods of barbarism, and to overthrow by force the policy which has been established by law, and which, if inexpedient or unjust, the regular process of law can remedy.

To these astounding propositions the country begins to give its answer, and an answer that is overwhelming. Indeed, there should have been no doubt of the result from the day on which the Democratic Convention declared for repudiation, for overthrowing reconstruction by force, and nominating Mr. Seymour and General Blair as the especial favorites of the leading rebels in the war. To suppose that the people would deliberately prefer such a policy to one of honor and fidelity and justice; that at this juncture it would prefer Horatio Seymour to General Grant, and Frank Blair, madly flourishing a sword, to Schuyler Colfax, was to suppose that it was a people lost to all consciousness of the conditions of national perpetuity and prosperity. If the tragedy of such a result had not been unspeakable, its comedy would have been indescribable. We should have presented the spectacle of a nation attacked by domestic enemies and finally subduing them in the field, and immediately falling a victim to the arts against which we had been distinctly warned in the moment of victory.

The nakedness of the issue would undoubtedly have been avoided by some of the astuter men of the Democratic party. They favored a cuttle-fish policy. They desired to darken counsel. They knew that their only hope lay in confusion, and if they could wrap the battle in a cloud the result would be less certain. But such men are seldom the real directors of a party. They go before and are conspicuous; but they are only figure-heads upon the prow, while the guiding force is the unseen rudder at the stern. "I have seen —— and ——," said a Democratic politician from the interior of the State, "and they want to nominate Chase. That is just the miserable, compromising, shilly-shally policy which has kept us out in the cold for seven years. There can't be any compromise between right and wrong. I don't want to stand in the middle, I want to stand at our end of the line and give you Republicans a square pull." This man represented the faith of his party. He had some real feeling, some actual conviction. So had Forrest and Wade Hampton and all the repudiation Copperheads, and they controlled the Convention.

It is to the men of conviction in the Democratic party that we owe the simplicity of the campaign. Wade Hampton, for instance, is in earnest. He wants power not for the sake of plunder, certainly not for the sake of the Constitution or of the Union, but for the ascendency of his political principles and the consequent final success of his purpose, which is absolute State sovereignty or dissolution of the Union. He calls for the old Union. What was the old Union? It was a system of government in which he and his policy were paramount. Slavery, the source of his power, was made the law of the land. Of course he had no wish to go out of the Union if he could maintain his policy within it. But the moment that policy was threatened he tried to destroy the Union. Defeated in that course he thinks he sees a chance of recovering power in the Union, so he shouts lustily for the "old Union," that is to say, the Union in which he and his policy were the rulers. Here is a man with a distinct object inflexibly pursued. And Robert Toombs is another, and Howell Cobb another. And they of necessity are the men who control the party with which they act rather than men who have no particular principle or purpose except patronage, place, and the excitement of the game.

Had Mr. Chase been nominated the issue would not have been really changed, although it would have been obscured, and positive results deferred. Had he been elected, he would have been chosen by a party with whose principles he disagreed; for the Democratic party, as a party, is sincerely opposed to equal suffrage, while Mr. Chase, as a man, is sincerely in favor of it. The vague talk about conservatism means nothing. To have called his election a triumph of moderation over extremes, would have been equally unmeaning. There is nothing but an extreme view of the situation possible. Either the nation has nothing whatever to say upon the subject of reconstruction, or it has every thing. The matter must be left in every essential point to the late rebel States, or it must be regulated in those points by Congress. There has been no other question since the fall of the rebellion, and every man must hold one or the other view. Mr. Chase's election could only have helped the solution in the degree that he favored the Democratic view. To say that it would have secured a peaceful overthrow of the new State organizations, is to forget that the party which would have elected him would have hated those organizations as much as it does now—would have believed them revolutionary and void—and, flushed with victory, would have demanded their destruction.

If we speak of the result as a foregone conclusion, it is not because we forget how absolutely essential the most energetic labor is. General Grant will be elected upon one condition—and that is not that a constitutional majority wishes his election, but that it votes for it. Without the most thorough organization, it will not vote. Without the most continuous and vigorous agitation, it will not feel the necessity of voting. Maine and Vermont were nobly carried because they were nobly aroused and organized. "On this day," said one of the most valuable soldiers who gave his life to baffle Wade Hampton and Forrest—"on this day every regiment must do the duty of a brigade."

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

When Mr. Reverdy Johnson was appointed Minister to England we took occasion to object, not upon any ground of personal incapacity, for Mr. Johnson is a man of acknowledged ability, but because he was not really a representative Minister. Mr. Johnson does not understand the change that has taken place in this country and of which the abolition of slavery is merely a sign. He would not sympathize with it, and consequently he is sure to make mistakes when he is forced to talk about it. There is probably quite as much political liberality of thought among intelligent Englishmen as there is in this country. They know quite as well as we the nature of the relations that ought to exist between us. They understand that liberal men there and here are the trustees of political progress, and are really united to resist all forms of dangerous action. They therefore estimate their own reactionaries just as we do ours. They know that the English influence which encouraged the rebellion in this country is the enemy of England as much as of the United States, and the men who represented that influence are as distasteful to the English liberals as the Copperheads of the war are to us.

Mr. Johnson, in view of all these facts, begins his mission by a huge blunder. He goes to a public dinner at Sheffield, which was one of the most unfriendly cities during the war. That, however, was not a blunder, for he had an opportunity of saying some timely things and of courteously informing the cutlers that if they could have had their way six years ago he certainly could not have been their guest now, as the Government he represented would have ceased to exist. This opportunity, of course, Mr. Johnson did not improve. But his mistake was positive not negative. At this dinner Lord Wharncliffe was also a guest; and Mr. Laird's name was received with cheers; and when Mr. Johnson replies to the toast in honor of his country, the representative of a victorious and regenerated nation blandly informs the rebel-sympathizing city of Sheffield that the name of Lord Wharncliffe, the President of the Southern Association, a society of blockade-runners and Anglo-rebel pirates during the war, ought to be dear to Americans. Why did he not add that of Laird? John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Goldwin Smith, Professor Cairnes, and their friends are not to be named, but Lord Wharncliffe is to be tenderly remembered. There was no occasion especially to name Mr. Bright, but there was every reason not to mention Wharncliffe. Mr. Johnson is mistaken. Lord Wharncliffe's name is odious to Americans.

It was not surprising that after such a speech from the American minister, Mr. Roebuck, one of the bitterest foes of America and one of the most foolish of Englishmen, should have vented his spleen against us. Mr. Roebuck is one of those persons who will never forgive us for not having succumbed to the rebellion; and he enjoyed peculiar satisfaction in insulting us in the presence of our minister. Now Roebuck is merely a Parliamentary Toots. He and his remarks are of no possible importance to us or to England. He should, therefore, have been left unanswered, or he should have been answered effectively and truly. Mr. Johnson, however, took care to answer defensively upon the next day, and to state what is hardly true. He said that emigration does not affect injuriously the general character of the people of this country. We are disposed to think, however, that it would be found to have been one of the most serious perplexities of our political development.

Mr. Johnson's remarks upon the beautiful fraternity of feeling that exists between England and this country were not new, and they are not true. It is undoubtedly true that the language of the Bible, of Shakespeare, and of Milton, is common to us, and that a common language is a persuasive spell of friendly union. But it is no less true that the action of the British Government before, during, and after the revolution did very much to paralyze that spell, and that the soothing work of Time was rudely undone by the British official attitude and general opinion during the rebellion. Every sensible and liberal Englishman perceives the crime against mankind of any willful effort to excite hostility between America and England; but the warmth of the deprecation only shows the depth of the consciousness of irritation. It is a feeling which every generous American shares; and one of the chief duties of honorable men in both countries is to promote the best mutual understanding. But we must not pretend that the two nations are sincere friends; and we do not feel that Mr. Johnson has done a good service in treating the subject with such rosy rhetoric.

We doubt, however, if the Master Cutler and the Worshipful Company took Mr. Johnson's amiable periods in any other than a Pickwickian sense. And yet, if they believed him when he said that Lord Wharncliffe's name ought to be dear to us, why not when he said that we were gushing with love for our English brethren?

FIGHTING AGAIN.

Mr. Frederick Robinson, Brevet Captain United States Army, writes to us from Barrancas Barracks, Pensacola Harbor, Florida: "It will not do to underrate the vigor of those who gave us so much trouble for the space of four years, and who will fight again if the thing is badly forced upon them." Captain Robinson proposes to avoid such a fight by surrender. He says that for us he "will simply write the word *beware*," and declares for himself, "I shall most certainly support the Seymour and Blair ticket." We observe that upon a previous date Captain Robinson had written to the *Nation* advocating a mild repudiation. We are not surprised, therefore, that, favoring submission to the threats of Messrs. Hampton and Toombs, and willing to refuse to pay the cost of suppressing the first rebellion of those gentlemen, he warmly supports Seymour and Blair.

His argument is that Florida is now subjected to negro rule. He does not say, indeed, that such is actually the case; that the State officers are of the colored race, for they are not. But he urges that every office is held at the sufferance of the colored voters. The answer to the remarks of Captain Robinson is found in the reply of the colored voters of South Carolina to the same kind of remarks offered by the supporters of Seymour and Blair in that State. The difficulty is in itself wholly imaginary, and becomes real only by the conduct of persons like Captain Robinson, who take leave of common-sense in dealing with the colored vote, as Englishmen apparently lose their wits when they treat of Ireland. All that is necessary is ordinary humanity and common-sense. The prejudice of which Captain Robinson speaks we do not deny. But we have paid quite dearly enough for that already, and if the question becomes practical whether the country shall continue to yield to the prejudice of the most dangerous class in it or fight again, we commend to Captain Robinson his own word, "beware."

The number of the colored population of the Southern States is perhaps four millions; that of the whites is probably eleven millions. The disfranchised whites do not seriously disturb the proportion of voters. In four of the ten rebel States the registry shows more colored than white voters; but the white registry by no means represents the qualified voters, but those only who chose to register. Probably Captain Robinson will admit that General Longstreet knows "the South" quite as well as a Northern officer; he knows the politicians as well as the people; and General Longstreet says of "negro supremacy" what the figures show and human nature suggests: "It is silly to think of it. They can never be stronger than they are to-day, and the whites of the South know it; but they are misled by the politicians."

But suppose that the case were otherwise; that, instead of being a small minority of the population, the colored voters were a majority. Captain Robinson probably calls himself a Democrat. Which, then, would he think to be the wise policy of reconstruction in the State of Florida—to reorganize the government by politically subjecting the loyal majority to the disloyal minority of the population, or to confer political power upon all, with temporary exceptions of peculiarly dangerous persons? The Captain must remember that the first practical question for governments is safety; and if a man like Wade Hampton is dangerous because of his hostility to loyal colored voting, he would be a hundredfold more dangerous if loyal colored voting were suppressed to gratify him. The Captain says that "it is dangerous to run counter to prejudices." Nothing is truer; but our alternative is very simple. It is merely whether Mr. Wade Hampton and his friends shall be held in check by a loyal vote, or whether they shall have full swing for their purposes?

Perhaps Captain Robinson thinks that Mr. Hampton is anxious to be a loyal citizen, and only waits to have his prejudices appeased before becoming so. We, on the other hand, think that he and his class and their principles are fatal to the American Union and liberty. In a word, our correspondent would hope for peace by putting the freedmen under the heel of their late masters. He might as wisely pour alcohol on his fire to quench it. We hope for peace in the present condition of the country only by the strictest regard to the national honor, and by the maintenance of political equality. If the alternative be the surrender of the loyal Southern people of whatever color to their deadly enemies, who are also at heart enemies of the Union, or war, Captain Robinson must instinctively know which course any wise and honorable nation would choose.

FORREST AND FORT PILLOW.

General N. B. Forrest, one of the most notorious of the rebel soldiers, and a conspicuous delegate to the Seymour and Blair Convention, is very busily engaged in explaining his various speeches and actions during and since the war. General Forrest is associated with the Fort Pillow massacre very much as Captain Wirz was with Andersonville. He was the responsible commanding officer; and in a recent conversation which has been reported he speaks of the false stories of the capture of Fort Pillow as having furnished material for illustration in this paper. He then proceeds to give his version.

Fort Pillow, it will be remembered, was half garrisoned with negro troops. The rebel government had already resolved not to treat colored soldiers or their white officers as prisoners of war. Three weeks before the attack upon Fort Pillow Forrest had summoned Paducah, saying to Colonel Hicks, "*If I have to storm your works you may expect no quarter.*" The day after the massacre at Fort Pillow, Buford, Forrest's lieutenant, summoned Columbus, and said to the commander, Colonel Laurence, "Should I be compelled to take the place by force *no quarter will be shown negro troops whatever.*" This was the spirit of the rebel government, of Forrest, and of his men. He assaulted Fort Pillow, and, having driven the garrison into the fort, he demanded a surrender within twenty minutes. During this time his men, under the flag of truce, crept into better positions. At the end of twenty minutes Forrest's force instantly overran the fort. The garrison flung down their arms and fled down the bank to the river, the rebels following and butchering.

The facts are sustained by the amplest and most incontrovertible evidence; both white and black witnesses declaring that the rebels declared constantly that they shot the blacks because they were "niggers," and the whites because "they were fighting with niggers." And Forrest, in this very attempt to excuse himself, confesses that his men refused to leave Tennessee until Fort Pillow was destroyed; that the feeling of his troops was such that he could not be responsible for the fate of the garrison; that many of his men had been "wronged," and shot down the wrong-doers without delay; and "the result was only natural in war."

That there was a massacre Forrest does not attempt to deny. That the rebel authorities meant to kill all negroes taken in arms is indisputable. That Forrest's men especially hated the garrison of Fort Pillow he confesses. That he had summoned Paducah to expect no quarter, and his lieutenant Columbus in the same terms, is of record. And, while he now denies that he knew of any refusal of quarter, there are many witnesses who distinctly testify to his presence and command during the slaughter. Forrest must be aware that his mere statement at this time can not change the public verdict upon the massacre of Fort Pillow.

GEN. BUTLER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The action of the late Massachusetts Republican Convention was marked by the good sense of the National Convention at Chicago. It declared in the most concise and distinct terms for the payment of the debt in gold, and nominated for Governor Mr. Claflin, the present Lieutenant-Governor, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee—a man universally trusted and respected. The proceedings of the Convention were interesting also, as showing the total want of influence in the counsels of the party of General Butler. This is a very significant fact; for while the General's services during the war are gratefully acknowledged, his entire unfitness as a party leader and representative are not less obvious. And if, as we believe, the Republican party is again to be intrusted with the Government, it is absolutely essential that it should be free from the responsibility of opinions with which General Butler is peculiarly identified.

The General is, however, an adroit and not a sensitive man, as the story of the Convention shows. From the reports in the papers, excepting the Springfield *Republican*, a reader might suppose that he controlled the Convention and was the leading Republican in Massachusetts. The truth is that he was utterly defeated at every point, and that there is no conspicuous man of less weight in the party. The General went to Worcester hoping to secure the nomination of his friend, Dr. Loring, for Governor. The Doctor lives in Essex County, into which the General moved two years since to insure an election to Congress, and it was understood that the Doctor would have liked the Congressional nomination at that time but withdrew for his friend. The Doctor was a Democrat of the extreme school until the year 1862 or 1863, and bitterly opposed the war in the beginning, so that the Republicans, while acknowledging his ability and his faithful service since he joined them, could not feel that, just at this time and with the issues of the national campaign, he was a suitable candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. But the General thought he was, and went to the Convention to prove it to the delegates.

When he arrived, however, it was really a foregone conclusion. But on the evening before the Convention met he spoke in a caucus of the delegates, and claimed that the Doctor should be considered a remarkably sound Republican, on the ground that he did not inherit his principles, but adopted them deliberately and conscientiously. This was a stroke worthy of the General. That a clever and aspiring man should join a party which had sixty or eighty thousand sure majority might not be surprising; but that his action was evidence of the purest principle, was a suggestion that had the charm of novelty. It adorned the eleventh-hour saints with a brighter halo than ever, and the General must have greatly enjoyed his own speech. When he had spoken, Mr. R. H. Dana, Jun., was called upon by the caucus, and after remarking upon the general national issues, he passed to the politics of the State. Mr. Dana said that he supposed the candidate was already evident, and he described Mr. Claflin in a few striking phrases, without mentioning his name, as a man who was an anti-slavery man when it cost something to be so, as a Free Soiler when it was a small and despised party. Then he turned to General Butler, and said that he did not suppose the distinguished gentleman, in expressing a preference for a candidate who had recently joined the party, meant to express any disapprobation of those who had been right from the beginning. To this most trenchant thrust the General could only answer, "Not if they will *stick*." And Mr. Dana had only to ask the delegates whether the friend of truth in the dark day was likely to desert her in the hour of health and power, to touch the heart and mind of his audience, and show the General that his cause was lost.

He was much too shrewd not to see it. So the next day, when the Convention was about to ballot for a candidate, the General rose. He was called to the platform. "Why," said he in substance, "why go through a useless form? One man is in all hearts and upon all lips. Let us nominate Mr. Claflin by acclamation." It was exquisitely adroit, and as great bodies of men are generous when they have their own way, and always admire pluck and good-humor, the Convention felt very kindly toward the General. But it did not yield an inch. He wanted Doctor Loring. The Convention nominated Mr. Claflin by acclamation. He had made an urgent appeal that nothing should be said about paying the bonds. The Convention demanded gold and silver. But having compelled the General to withdraw his candidate upon the ground that he could not carry him, and having passed the coin resolution against his entreaty, it was satisfied to leave Mr. Atkinson's admirable and conclusive speech upon the finances to be printed, and so adjourned.

General Butler went to Worcester for two objects, to procure the nomination of Dr. Loring and silence upon the payment of the bonds. He was so powerless that he lost both without even a struggle. But the good-humored Convention cheered him when he said what they liked, and the good-humored papers, omitting the details of his utter defeat, left him amidst the cheers as a victor. But history and the character of the party require that the truth should be known. The Massachusetts Republicans utterly repudiate the financial principles and the State policy of General Butler.

THE OLD MAMMY.

In his amusing reply to General Rosecrans, General Lee informs us that it is a sad slander to say that the late rebels are hostile to the colored citizens. Have we not always lived together? says the General. Are not our interests of necessity the same? Events are horribly sarcastic, General. Scarcely had he written his touching sentences when the Georgia colored members are expelled from the Legislature and from the jury-box, and could Seymour and Blair only be elected, the entire Black Code would be re-enacted. The old Mammy argument, General Lee ought to know, is exhausted. We used to hear of that personage, and of the lovely relations existing between masters and servants in the good old days of the Union-as-it-was with paddles and blood-hounds, with Mr. George Ticknor Curtis catching fugitive slaves in Boston, and Mr. Charles O'Conor asking to have the slave-laws of Virginia made paramount in New York.

In 1792, when Wilberforce called the attention of the British Parliament to the atrocities of the slave-trade, and especially of the middle passage, the General Lees of the time, who were the slave-owners and traders, urged the old Mammy argument. The middle passage, they declared, was truly delightful. The hold of the ship, if somewhat warm, was exactly adapted to the tropical constitution of the beloved Africans; and such was the elation of their spirits in the stimulating sea air that every night they made merry upon deck and danced their national dances. Nothing was more beautiful and touching, and nothing so devoid of hostility, said the General Lees of the day, than the relation between the races upon the middle passage. Upon investigation it was discovered that the accommodations of the hold were a space of five feet and a half by one foot and four inches for each man—the height between decks was four to five feet and eight inches; the victims were chained by their hands and feet to ring-bolts and packed upon shelves; they were kept below for sixteen hours a day, and were then compelled under the lash to jump about the deck in their chains. These were the tropical accommodations and the national dances. General Lee may see here a beautiful illustration of the force of words. And the reader has only to read the General's late letter, and then to peruse the Georgia legislation to enjoy the same gratification.

"The idea," writes the mellifluous General—"the grand old soldier," as the *World* fondly calls him—"the idea that the Southern people are hostile to the negroes, and would oppress them if it were in their power to do so, is entirely unfounded. They have grown up in our midst, and we have been accustomed from childhood to look upon them with kindness." Nothing but tropical luxury, merriment, and national dances, you see. To be sure, if General Lee and General Hampton and General Blair can have their way, the colored citizens must not vote; nor have arms; nor sit upon juries; nor have control of their children; nor work at any trade without written permission; nor learn to read or write; nor own land; nor trade without leave: they must be disfranchised, disarmed, disgraced, and degraded, but it is idle to talk of hostility: they have grown up in our midst; and haven't we all had old black mammies?

Formerly the Black policy of General Lee and his friends was the most infamous system of slavery ever known. Their present policy is the absolute degradation of a third of the population of the Southern States into a condition as near that slavery as possible. Is this the policy of justice, of humanity, of common honor, of prosperity and peace? Is this the policy which the nation that emancipated those slaves proposes to support? Maine and Vermont say, "No; we are for Grant, Colfax, and Peace." What say Pennsylvania and Indiana and Ohio? Are they for Seymour, Blair, and anarchy?—for the tropical pleasures, the merriment, and national dances of the Black codes?

THE SAME OLD STORY.

The Democratic Committee of Pennsylvania have issued a congratulatory address upon the Republican victory in Maine. It begins with these words: "The sturdy Democracy of Maine have covered themselves with glory."

After Beauregard's disastrous defeat by Grant at Shiloh, and the reckless retreat which he begged Breckinridge, who commanded the rear-guard, not to suffer to "be converted into a rout," the foolish Booty and Beauty Beauregard telegraphed to Richmond that he "had gained a great and glorious victory."

The kind of victory that the rebels won at Shiloh compelled Lee's surrender to Grant. The kind of triumph in Maine, over which the Democrats rejoice, will bring Seymour to the same little ceremony.

THAT LEG.

We are glad to inform the kind subscribers for a new leg for Charles Berkeley, whose case we stated some time ago, that it is made and has been worn most satisfactorily for some time. Messrs. Monroe & Gardiner, of 413 Canal Street, New York, have furnished one of their raw-hide legs, "as good as could be made for a Major-General." Their leg has received the most unqualified approval from the most distinguished surgeons. Dr. Carnochan says that, from its greater lightness and more durable material, the Monroe leg is likely "to supersede other inventions of a similar character." Dr. March and Dr. Armsby of Albany consider that it is "the most perfect and best calculated to fulfill the purposes of any artificial limb" of all that they know. Dr. Quackenbush, State Surgeon-General in 1864, agrees with them. We have seen also many certificates from soldiers and others most warmly attesting the comfort and general excellence of the Monroe leg. The makers furnish them to soldiers for seventy-five dollars; and we can assure any one who may apply to them that he can hardly fail to be satisfied with their work, and that he will be treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration.

A VOICE FROM ANDERSONVILLE.

A gentleman who lately passed through Andersonville, Georgia, upon a train with a company of United States soldiers, writes us: "The train stopped for a few minutes, and I went forward through the cars the men were in; and oh! how I wished that Pomeroy and Seymour could have heard the expressions of these soldiers of five years! There before us, on that sun-burnt hill, was the prison pen, and each plank of its black stockade seemed to grin at us and say, 'My time may yet come again!' I should like to see a picture of that stockade, and on the left the United States Cemetery, with the Stars and Stripes flying over the poor boys' graves. I believe it would clench the nail in the political coffin of Seymour and Blair."

CARPET-BAGGERS.

One of the most ringing speeches of the campaign was that of General Sickles to the Boys in Blue on the anniversary of the battle of Antietam. He gave the following admirable historical survey of carpet-baggers:

> "My friends, there are several kinds of carpet-baggers we have seen in this country within the past few years. The rebels sent a few of their sort of carpet-baggers here to New York during the war. [Laughter.] They came mysteriously, with their black bags, containing a very small amount of clean linen, and a very large quantity of combustible material, and with this latter they undertook to fire our hotels and burn our city. Well, there are some very distinguished rebel carpet-baggers sojourning abroad. John Slidell is one, in Paris, Benjamin is another, and he carries, I believe, a green carpet-bag now. [Laughter.] Brick Pomeroy is a carpet-bagger. [Applause and laughter.] The Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, Mr. Belmont, is a carpet-bagger from the Rhine. [Laughter and applause.] Corporation Counsel O'Gorman is a very fair specimen of the carpet-baggers from old Ireland, who have taken possession of the City Government [Laughter], and if O'Gorman's carpet-bag is not full yet, it must be a very big one, or else he has failed to profit by his opportunities, which no one suspects. [Renewed laughter and applause.] And then there is George Sanders, the carpet-bagger of the rebellion, who wanders over Europe with or without a carpet-bag, according to circumstances. [Great laughter.] But our Northern carpet-baggers belong to a somewhat different race. The whole West was peopled by a race of carpet-baggers. William Penn was a carpet-bagger of the right sort. Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Stephen A. Douglas [Applause], of Illinois; they were all carpet-baggers. And you find that our country, North, East, and West, has been peopled by an emigration of carpet-baggers. [Applause.] The *May Flower* brought a colony of carpet-baggers [Applause] and landed them on the shores of New England. William the Conqueror took some Norman carpet-baggers over to England, and captured it [Applause], and founded a nation that has sent its carpet-baggers forth all over the world, most of which they own, or propose to own. [Laughter.] Our carpet-baggers carry intelligence and civilization and enterprise wherever they go, and they are not to be barred out or excluded from the South at rebel dictation."

"UNTO THIS LAST."

For "such as these have lived and died;"
Oh, saddest comment on the pride
That would itself have glorified.

"Have lived and died" since Adam's day;
Will live and die while human clay
Shall Nature's changeless laws obey.

Love, with its passionate embrace,
Ne'er held the treasure in its place;
It went the way of all the race.

Fear never kept the victim back,
For at the moment of attack
The Shadow ever swept the track.

Prayer never yet its power could bring
To stay the Angel when his wing
Unfolded for the harvesting.

Faith, though it came in purest guise,
Could only watch its pleadings rise
With the smoke of the sacrifice.

Tears, though they like a river run,
Have never yet the Victory won;
The end to all comes as to one.

No plea avails—"these lived and died;"
No plea avails—across the tide
We reach at last "the other side."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Louisiana Senate has decided that there shall be no personal distinctions in railroad cars, steamboats, and places of public resort on account of color.

A terrible conflagration is raging in the forests of Oregon and California. The fire is estimated to have already spread over an area of two hundred square miles on both sides of the Columbia River, Oregon. It is feared that the towns of St. Helens and Astoria will be destroyed. A tract of five miles of woods near San Rafael, Marin County, California, is on fire, the smoke from which completely enveloped the harbor and city of San Francisco.

Dr. Goold, of Dublin, arrived in New York on September 17 from the Arctic regions, and gives some interesting particulars of Hall's Arctic research expedition. Captain Hall has ascertained definitely the circumstances of the death of the last two survivors of Sir John Franklin's party. Captain Crozier and a steward of one of the vessels died in 1864, near Southampton Island. Captain Crozier's watch and other relics are in Mr. Hall's possession, and he was to start in February or March last with an armed party of natives and Europeans to secure some records left by Franklin's men in King William's land.

A meeting of the tax-payers of Mount Vernon, New York, was held in that village on September 19, to consider sundry appropriations for improvements in the roads, cross-walks, etc. Before any vote was taken a petition was offered from one hundred ladies of the village, demanding the right to vote on the question, as they were tax-payers. The village charter was quoted to show that they were not qualified, and the male tax-payers alone voted on the questions. During the proceedings one lady asked permission to say a few words in behalf of another lady, a heavy tax-payer, who had just entered the room, but she was declared out of order. A Mr. Wingate then arose and said that several ladies had deputed him to represent them; but he was hooted down with cries of "Put him out." Two gentlemen then took the ladies' part, but they were put down, and the ladies gave it up for the present.

The Alabama Legislature has asked the President for Federal troops to preserve the peace.

A riot occurred in Camilla, Georgia, on September 19, between blacks and whites of opposite parties. A Republican meeting was fired into by some one, and the fight became general; but the colored people were driven and badly defeated, from fifty to seventy-five of them being killed and wounded. Colonel Pierce, the Republican candidate for Congress, and Captain Murphy, an ex-Bureau agent, were seriously injured.

The Surratt trial began in Washington on September 21. A *nolle prosequi* on the first charge, the murder of President Lincoln, was entered. The case was then called on the charge of conspiracy, but was postponed at the request of counsel for the defense, in order to enter a special plea setting forth the amnesty proclamation as a bar to trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The fear of a great war in Europe appears to be spreading all over Europe; and well-informed men predict that the present year will witness its terrible inauguration. It is evident that peace is sincerely desired by the governments and peoples of Europe, with the sole exception of the Emperor of the French, whose purpose is unknown, and perhaps undetermined. A growing indignation is manifesting itself at his ambiguity or indecision.

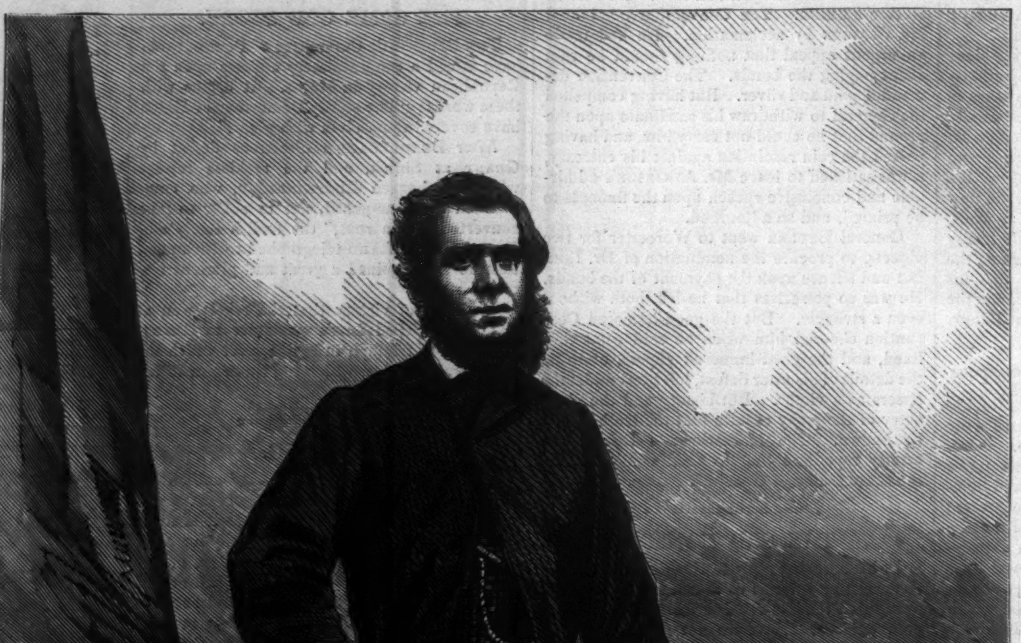
Bavaria has ratified the American-German naturalization treaty.

Queen Isabella of Spain lately sought, and, in spite of her very immoral reputation, obtained an interview with Louis Napoleon. It was said that it was for the purpose of asking him to sustain her against her rebelliously inclined people. Napoleon is said to have refused. Evidently the decision was a wise one, as, since the interview, we have the announcement of the revolt of the Spanish fleet, the return of many exiled general officers, the uprising of the people in several towns, and the panic of the Court at Madrid. The abdication of the Queen is rumored, and the resignation of the principal officers of her Cabinet is officially announced. A general movement against the Queen, headed by General Prim, has, undoubtedly, been begun.

On August 13, the day of the earthquakes on the Pacific coast of South America, a terrible storm was experienced at Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic slope. It was attended with the greatest loss of life that has occurred there for some time. Numerous vessels were sunk in the harbor, and several houses were blown down.

TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF THE ASSASSIN WHELAN.

Ever since the assassination of President Lincoln the use of the pistol for political purposes has been more frequent both in this and in other countries. From Booth Southern politicians of the Democratic persuasion learned a lesson, which they have not been slow to improve. Booth may have and probably did act from a selfish motive—seeking notoriety from the brutal act of murder which he could not gain by other means: aiming at the highest possible victim, he gained the broadest reach of infamy. But the lesson which he illustrated, the fact which he made patent to all reckless politicians and scoundrels the world over, was that assassination might be made the means of political terrorism. A President might be elected by a majority the most overwhelming; but still the well-aimed pistol or the secret dagger would baffle the purposes of that majority. A king or queen might be supported by the popular will against all the machinery of an opposition acting by fair means; but the act of murder—concealed or unconcealed, according to the recklessness of the assassin—would defeat the popular will. This was Booth's lesson to the impatient, to the turbulent, to the reckless citizens of his own land and of all others.



PATRICK J. WHELAN, CONDEMNED FOR THE MURDER OF T. D'ARCY M‘GEE.

His teaching has impressed itself, as we have already intimated, upon those in the South who would still defend the "lost cause." "All is not lost," they repeat after Milton's Satan: we may still gain by moral terrorism, by threatened starvation, or by actual murder, what we lost in a fair and open conflict with the forces of a great nation. The number of murders now committed in a single Southern State during the period of a single year, for political reasons, is astounding. And when we consider that, in addition to actual murder, the menace of starvation reaches a much larger number of men, women, and children, dependent for their very chance of labor upon those who make these menaces, can we come to any other conclusion than that Booth's infamous deed has had its full effect in the South? The threat recently made by a Democratic journal in Mobile that, if all else fails, there is still resort to the dagger of a Brutus, confirms us in this conclusion. Is this confirmation weakened when a New York Democratic paper is audacious enough to present to its readers a representation of Booth, the assassin, as a saint in Paradise, and of our true Lincoln as a victim writhing in the torments of hell?

The Servian assassination is another illustration of the effect of Booth's infamous murder. The Fenian Order has also caught the intimations thus spread over the world. It has made attacks productive of useless loss of life. It has blown up prisons filled with inmates innocent of the enormous crime of murder; and it has done this from simple malice against the Government of Great Britain, which had imprisoned these victims. This order has been intoxicated with the sentiment of murder. It has through one of its members, or one of its sympathizers and pupils (what matter which?), attempted the murder of an English Prince. In Canada, on the morning of the 7th of April last, one Whelan, who, if not belonging to this order, evidently sympathized with its purposes, assassinated D'Arcy M‘Gee, a member of the Canadian Administration and a prominent advocate of the Confederation.

In all cases which we have mentioned the assassins have utterly failed of accomplishing the objects they had in view. Booth killed Lincoln, but he failed to paralyze the Government, as he had designed. The murderers of negroes and white Unionists in the New Orleans riots of 1866 only strengthened the hands of the Government. And every murder of Union men in the South since the close of the war has had precisely the same effect. The Servian assassins only accomplished exactly what they strove to prevent—the succession in regular order of the royal line in that province. And, reflecting upon this circumstance, the Emperor Napoleon very properly said that assassination for political purposes could never accomplish the purposes of the assassins. If, said he, I should be cut off by the dagger of a Brutus, it would insure the perpetuation of my line through the Prince Imperial, and even if the latter were assassinated the French people would seek the nearest of kin as successor to the throne.

The Fenian organization has not been less foolish in its violence; nor have its attempts to accomplish political ends by assassination been less futile. Its turbulence has only arrayed against it the decency of the whole civilized world.

The midnight murder of Thomas D'Arcy M‘Gee was a dastardly act, which aroused the indignation of all sober men. The citizens of the United States looked upon it as a repetition in some sort of the infamous murder of Lincoln. It is fitting, therefore, that we should give prominence to the trial of the assassin, and hold him up to the detestation of all. The case can not be considered as purely foreign to us; the considerations which we have already introduced make it one which nearly concerns ourselves.

Thomas D'Arcy M‘Gee was a representative of Montreal in the Canadian Parliament. On the evening of April 6 he had spoken until a late hour of the night. His address is said to have been one of the most eloquent speeches ever heard in the Chamber. At about half past two o'clock he retired to his lodgings in the house of a person named Trotter. As he was opening the door an assassin came behind him, and shot him through the back of the neck, the ball passing out through his mouth, and carrying away some of his teeth. Within a few seconds Mr. M‘Gee died. These are the simple facts of the murder. But a person had appeared at Mr. M‘Gee's house some weeks before, and had been admitted by Mr. M‘Gee's brother. This person alleged that his errand was of a friendly nature, namely, to give intelligence that the house would be fired at 4 a.m. that morning. He was therefore admitted into the library. There was a strong political feeling existing in the city of Montreal, and the animosity between the two contending parties had reached a high pitch of excitement, one of which was led by Mr. M‘Gee, and the other by Mr. Devlin. Mr. M‘Gee therefore gave his visitor a note to take to the police, informing them of the projected incendiarism. This was at about 2 a.m. The note did not reach the police until 4.45 a.m. This circumstance, together with the fact that Whelan had been heard to use violent language against Mr. M‘Gee, led to the suspicion that he was the murderer.

Patrick J. Whelan, the man against whom suspicion was thus directed, was born near Dublin, Ireland, about the year 1840. He is therefore now not yet thirty years of age. He served the full term of his apprenticeship to a tailor, commencing at his fourteenth year; but, after having learned his trade, he seems to have led a wandering life, traveling to and fro among several of the principal towns of England, working at his trade so far as it was necessary to meet his wants. After four or five years of this roving life, about the year 1865 he arrived in Canada. For some time he resided in Quebec, working industriously at his trade. He seems to have favored the Fenian organization from the first. His enthusiasm led him at one time to the commission of some rash act, for which he was arrested, but left to go unpunished. It is supposed that he had some connection with the Fenian raid of 1866, as he was in Buffalo, New York, about that time. We next find him at Hamilton, in Canada. He thence returned to Buffalo, and soon afterward went to Montreal, where he resided about a year, during which time he married a lady possessed of a snug little property, and of undoubted respectability. For the lady it proved a most unfortunate marriage. He associated with the Fenians in Montreal, and was a prominent member of the St. Patrick's Society, of whose proceedings Mr. M‘Gee made a most uncompromising exposure. In the fall of 1867 Whelan came to Ottawa, and while there his conduct was extremely suspicious.

Whelan is described as being by no means a bad-looking man, but is said to be a person of violent temper and strong impulses. He was known in Montreal and Quebec at times by the name of "Sullivan." Shortly before the murder he was in the habit of attending Fenian meetings in Montreal; and it was given in evidence that he was selected by his fellow-conspirators for some important deed. He appears to have followed M‘Gee for some time, as the latter oscillated between Montreal and Ottawa. Whelan had opposed M‘Gee's return to Parliament, and was in the habit of speaking of him as a traitor who deserved to be shot. Many times he distinctly threatened that he himself would shoot M‘Gee. The evidence shows that an attempt had been made upon M‘Gee's life in Montreal, but had failed of success. Whelan had purchased a pistol, and had practiced with it; this weapon had been found loaded in his drawer at Ottawa. He had been seen going to the House of Commons with this pistol in his pocket. He was a frequent visitor at the House. On the very night of the murder he had been seen there with four or five companions at half past nine o'clock, and his restless manner attracted notice. When Mr. M‘Gee, after a lengthy and most eloquent address on the union of the Provinces, left the Chamber, Whelan was seen to get up and leave the gallery. But M‘Gee had only gone to the library, and Whelan was seen waiting near the porch as the House adjourned, evidently watching for some one.

There was a large amount of circumstantial evidence brought forward on the trial. It was proved that M‘Gee had tried to escape the assassin on that fatal night. His footsteps were heard as of one running, also his hurried knocking when he reached his door just the moment before he received the fatal shot. The act was witnessed by a French Canadian named Lacroix, who saw the murderer come in behind M‘Gee; he heard the shot, and saw the assassin turn away and come in collision with a post, and exclaim "Jesus!"—a phrase which (as was proved by other witnesses) Whelan frequently used. This Lacroix identified the prisoner as the man whom he had seen fire the pistol.

The testimony of Andrew Cullen, a detective officer of Montreal, is more direct. On the evening of April 16 he heard Whelan in his cell in the Ottawa jail engaged in conversation with his confederate, Doyle, who occupied a cell on the same corridor. He heard Doyle say, "James, I'm sorry you ever done it;" to which Whelan replied that he didn't care; that he was ready to swing. Whelan on this occasion distinctly confessed to having committed the murder. This testimony was confirmed by that of Robert Hess, who accompanied Detective Cullen on the morning of the conversation alluded to, also by the evidence of Mr. Litle, a respectable farmer of Nepean.

The Judge's charge was simply a commentary upon some parts of the evidence. The jury on the morning of September 15 brought in a verdict of "Guilty." The Judge having asked the prisoner at the bar whether he had any reason to urge why the Court should not pronounce judgment against him, Whelan advanced to the front of the dock and addressed the court and the jury. He protested his innocence of the murder; denied that he had ever been a Fenian. He had, he said, once taken the name of "Sullivan" when arrested and brought before a judge; but that had been to prevent his own name from being paraded in the papers. He denied having taken an active part in the last Parliamentary election. He had heard of a plot to burn Mr. M‘Gee's house, and had given warning. He professed the sincerest loyalty for the Queen. He declared that he had never had any spite against M‘Gee. He admitted that the evidence was against him; and said that if he had been in the place of the jury, getting the same evidence, he should probably have brought in the same verdict; but he claimed that the evidence had been manufactured. He finally began to enter upon a political address concerning the oppression of Irishmen, when he was interrupted by the Chief Justice, who, after telling him that he had had an impartial trial, sentenced him to be hung on the 10th of December next between the hours of 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.

It is not for us to judge as to the justice of Whelan's trial. To all appearance it was, as Chief-Justice Richards said, fair and impartial. We can not believe that in any civilized country a man could be arrested for so great a crime without having fairly laid himself open to just suspicion. Nor can we suppose that evidence so strong and so mutually confirmatory, one part of another, could have been manufactured. And really there was no motive for such gross injustice on the part of the prosecution. It is nothing new for a prisoner at the bar to protest his innocence. But Whelan denied too much to gain credence from any one who carefully examines the evidence. His address, just before his sentence, probably only confirmed the conviction of the jury as to his guilt.

As our own civil strife tended to soften the indignation with which we had almost invariably witnessed the attempts of other governments to suppress rebellion, so have the acts of Booth and of his fellow-conspirators led us to sympathize with those governments as against political assassins.

THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

IT has long been a favorite theory with a certain class of philosophers that animals possess and evince faculties precisely the same as those of man, differing only in the degree of intelligence. There are undoubtedly many incidents which prove the existence of the senses of memory, affection, hatred, and revenge; and one of the most frequently quoted instances is that of the Dead Soldier's Dog, which we illustrate on this page. It has been given in various styles for ages back, but still the old familiar story is a welcome one.

A French soldier, who was in the last campaign of NAPOLEON, carried with him a favorite dog, of which he was very fond, and which became much attached to his master. The soldier was wounded at Waterloo, but managed to escape from the field and join in the disastrous retreat to Paris. But he was not able to proceed far; becoming weakened by the loss of blood from his wound and his overexertions to escape the enemy, he fell exhausted by the road-side, and, attended only by his faithful dog, at last died of hunger and exposure. His friend remained faithful even after death, watching by his dead body, and protecting it from the carrion which hovered about, until, finally weakened and exhausted too, he lay down and died by his master's side.

LA MERE BAUCHE.

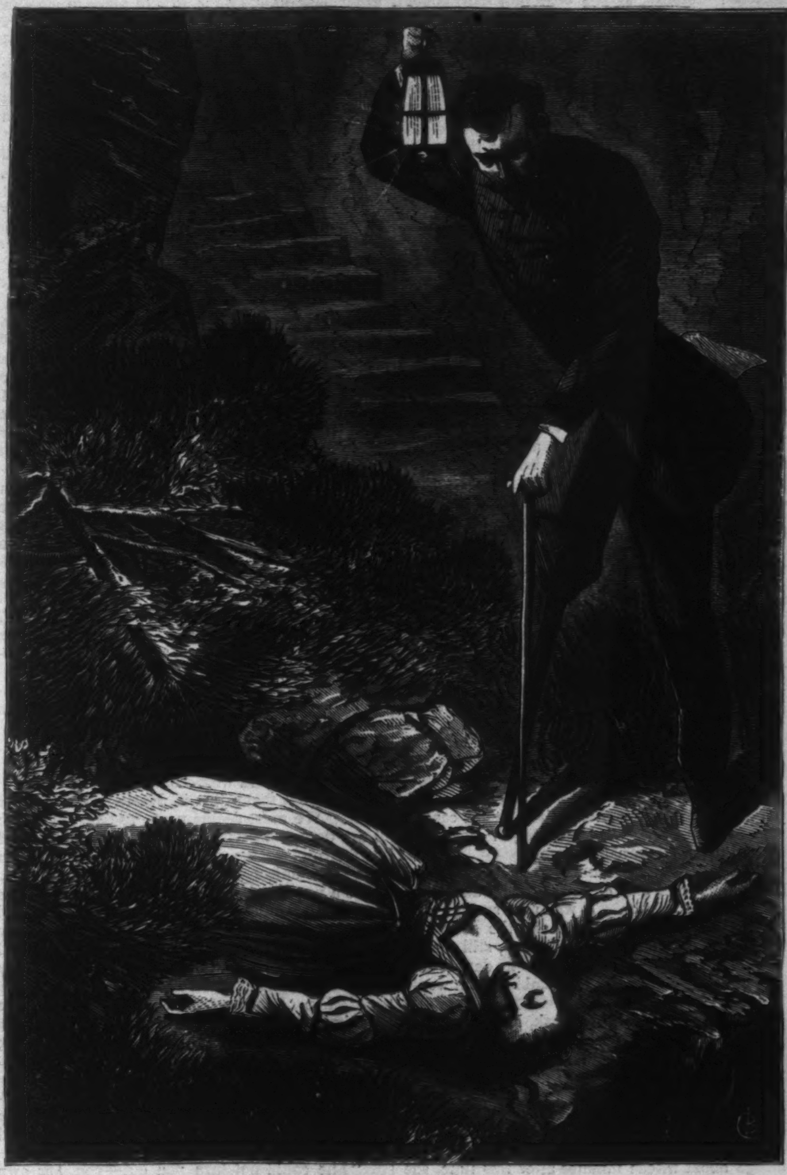
IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

AND now it was the evening before Adolphe's expected arrival, and La Mère Bauche was discussing the matter with the Capitaine, over the usual cup of coffee. Madame Bauche had of late become rather nervous on the matter, thinking that they had been somewhat rash in acceding so much to Marie. It seemed to her that it was absolutely now left to the two young lovers to say whether they would have each other or not. Now nothing on earth could be further from Madame Bauche's intention than this. Her desire and resolve was to heap down blessings on all persons concerned—provided always that she could have her own way; but, provided she did not have her own way, to heap down—any thing but blessings. She had her code of morality in this matter. She would do good, if possible, to every body around her. But she would not on any score be induced to consent that Adolphe should marry Marie Clavert. Should that be in the wind she would rid her house of Marie, the Capitaine, and even of Adolphe himself.

She had become, therefore, somewhat querulous and self-opinionated in her discussions with her friend.

"I don't know," she said, on the evening in question—"I don't know; it may be all right; but if Adolphe turns against us, what are we to do then?"



"AND THERE HOLDING THE LANTERN ABOVE HIS EYES, HE SAW ALL THAT WAS LEFT FOR HIM TO SEE OF HIS BRIDE."

"Mère Bauche," said the Capitaine, sipping his coffee, and puffing out the smoke of his cigar, "Adolphe will not turn against us."

It had been remarked by many that the Capitaine was more at home in the house, and somewhat freer in his manner of talking with Madame Bauche, since this matrimonial alliance had been on the *tapis*, than he had ever been before. La Mère herself observed it, and did not quite like it; but how could she prevent it now? When the Capitaine was once married, she would make him know his place, in spite of all her promises to Marie.

"But if he says that he likes the girl?" continued Madame Bauche.

"My friend, you may be sure that he will say nothing of the kind. He has not been away two years without seeing girls as pretty as Marie. And then you have his letter."

"That is nothing, Capitaine. He would eat his letter as quick as you would an *omelette aux fines herbes.*" Now the Capitaine was especially quick over an *omelette aux fines herbes.*

"And, Mère Bauche, you also have the purse. He will know that he can not eat that, except with your good-will."

"Ah!" exclaimed Madame Bauche, "poor lad! he has not a sous in the world unless I give it to him." But it did not seem that this reflection was in itself displeasing to her.

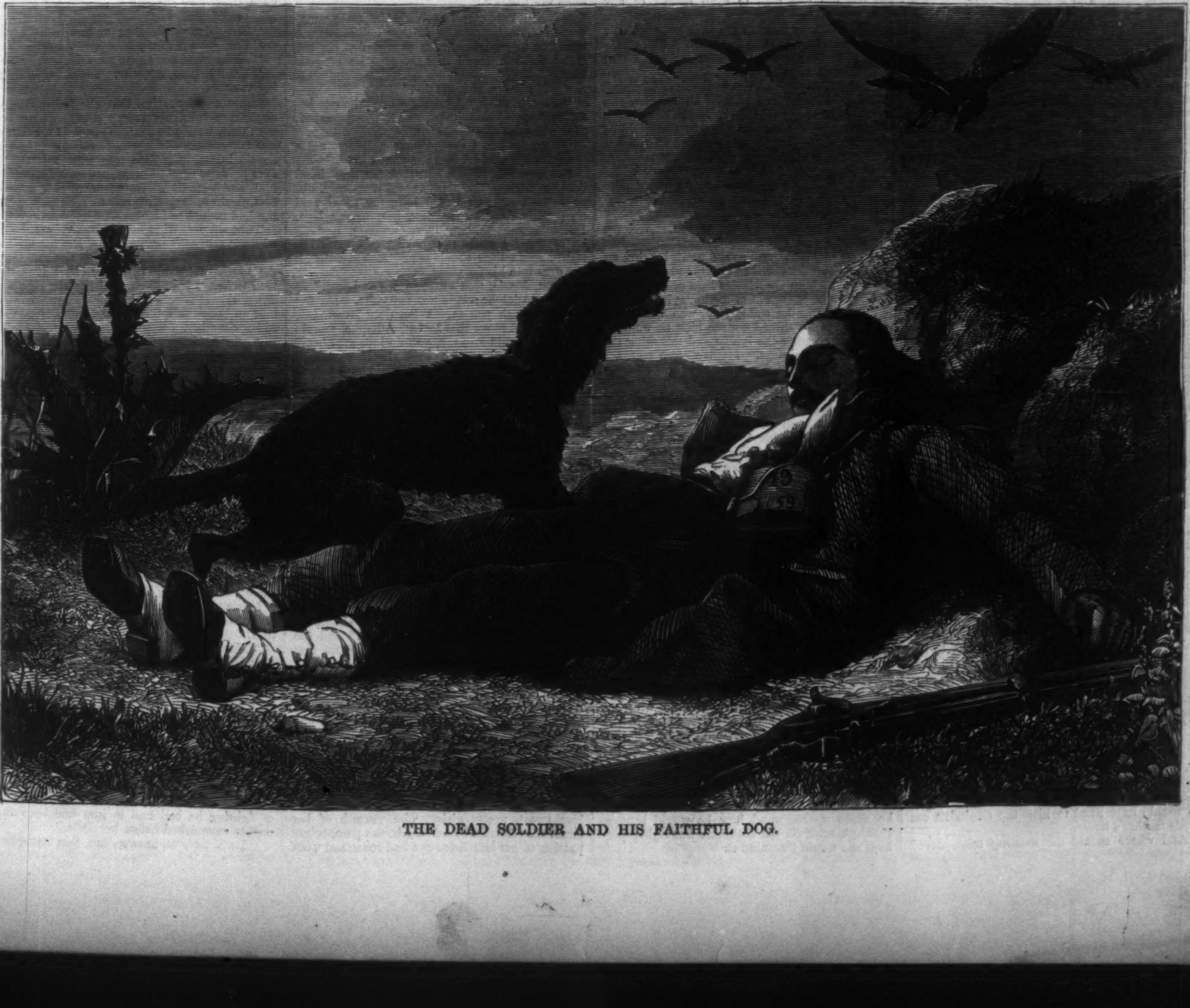
"Adolphe will now be a man of the world," continued the Capitaine. "He will know that it does not do to throw away every thing for a pair of red lips. That is the folly of a boy, and Adolphe will be no longer a boy. Believe me, Mère Bauche, things will be right enough."

"And then we shall have Marie sick, and ill, and half-dying on our hands," said Madame Bauche.

This was not flattering to the Capitaine, and so he felt it. "Perhaps so; perhaps not," he said; "but, at any rate, she will get over it. It is a malady which rarely kills young women—especially when another alliance awaits them."

"Bah!" said Madame Bauche; and in saying that word she avenged herself for the too great liberty which the Capitaine had lately taken. He shrugged his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, and, uninvited, helped himself to a tea-spoonful of cognac. Then the conference ended, and on the next morning, before breakfast, Adolphe Bauche arrived.

On that morning poor Marie hardly knew how to bear herself. A month or two back, and even up to the last day or two, she had felt a sort of confidence that Adolphe would be true to her; but the nearer that came, that fatal day, the less strong was the confidence of the poor girl. She knew that those two long-headed, aged councilors were plotting against her happiness, and she felt that she could hardly dare to hope for success with such terrible foes opposed to her. On the evening before the day Madame Bauche had met her in the passages, and kissed her as she wished



THE DEAD SOLDIER AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG.

her good-night. Marie knew little about sacrifices, but she felt that it was a sacrificial kiss.

In those days a sort of diligence, with the mails for Olette, passed through Prades early in the morning, and a conveyance was sent from Vernet to bring Adolphe to the baths. Never was prince or princess expected with more anxiety. Madame Bauche was up and dressed long before the hour, and was heard to say five several times that she was sure he would not come. The Capitaine was out and on the high-road moving about with his wooden leg as perpendicular as a lamp-post, and almost as black. Marie also was up; but nobody had seen her. She was up, and had been out about the place before any of them were stirring; but now that the world was on the move she lay hidden, like a hare in its form.

And then the old char-à-banc clattered up to the door, and Adolphe jumped out of it into his mother's arms. He was fatter and finer than she had hitherto seen him, had a larger beard, was more fashionably clothed, and certainly looked more like a man. Marie also saw him out of her little window, and she thought that he looked like a god. Was it probable, she said to herself, that one so godlike would still care for her?

The mother was delighted with her son, who rattled away quite at his ease. He shook hands very cordially with the Capitaine—of whose intended alliance with his own sweet-heart he had been informed; and then, as he entered the house with his hand under his mother's arm, he asked one question about her. "And where is Marie?" said he. "Marie? Oh, up stairs! You shall see her after breakfast," said La Mère Bauche. And so they entered the house, and went in to breakfast among the guests. Every body had heard something of the story, and they were all on the alert to see the young man whose love or want of love was considered to be of so much importance.

"You will see that it will be all right," said the Capitaine, carrying his head very high.

"I think so, I think so," said La Mère Bauche, who, now that the Capitaine was right, no longer desired to contradict him.

"I know that it will be all right," said the Capitaine. "I told you that Adolphe would return a man; and he is a man. Look at him. He does not care this for Marie Clavert," and the Capitaine, with much eloquence in the motion, pitched over a neighboring wall a small stone which he held in his hand.

And then they all went to breakfast with many signs of outward joy, and not without some inward joy, for Madame Bauche thought she saw that her son was cured of his love. In the mean time Marie sat up stairs, still afraid to show herself.

"He has come," said a young girl, a servant in the house, running up to the door of Marie's room.

"Yes," said Marie, "I could see that he has come."

"And oh, how beautiful he is!" said the girl, putting her hands together, and looking up to the ceiling. Marie in her heart of hearts wished that he was not half so beautiful, as then her chance of having him might be greater.

"And the company are all talking to him as if he were the prefect."

"Never mind who is talking to him," said Marie. "Go away, and leave me; you are wanted for your work." Why before this was he not talking to her? Why not, if he were really true to her? Alas, it began to fall upon her mind that he would be false! And what then? what should she do then? She sat still gloomily, thinking of that other spouse that had been promised to her.

As speedily after breakfast as was possible Adolphe was invited to a conference in his mother's private room. She had much debated in her own mind whether the Capitaine should be invited to this conference or no. For many reasons she would have wished to exclude him. She did not like to teach her son that she was unable to manage her own affairs, and she would have been well pleased to make the Capitaine understand that his assistance was not absolutely necessary to her. But then she had an inward fear that her green spectacles would not now be as efficacious on Adolphe as they had once been, in old days, before he had seen the world and become a man. It might be necessary that her son, being a man, should be opposed by a man. So the Capitaine was invited to the conference.

What took place there need not be described at length. The three were closeted for two hours, at the end of which time they came forth together. The countenance of Madame Bauche was serene and comfortable; her hopes of ultimate success ran higher than ever. The face of the Capitaine was masked, as are always the faces of great diplomatists; he walked placid and upright, using his wooden leg with an ease and skill that was absolutely marvelous. But poor Adolphe's brow was clouded. Yes; poor Adolphe! for he was poor in spirit. He had pledged himself to give up Marie, and to accept the liberal allowance which his mother tendered him; but it remained for him now to communicate these tidings to poor Marie herself.

"Could not you tell her?" he had said to his mother, with very little of that manliness in his face on which his mother now so prided herself. But La Mère Bauche explained to him that it was a part of the general agreement that Marie was to hear his decision from his own mouth.

"But you need not regard it," said the Capitaine, with the most indifferent air in the world. "The girl expects it. Only she has some childish idea that she is bound till you yourself release her. I don't think she will be troublesome." Adolphe at that moment did feel that he should have liked to kick the Capitaine out of his mother's house.

And where should the meeting take place? In the hall of the baths, suggested Madame Bauche; because, as she observed, they could walk round and round, and nobody ever went there at that time of day. But to this Adolphe objected. It would be so cold, and dismal, and melancholy.

The Capitaine thought that Mère Bauche's little parlor was the place, but La Mère herself did not like this. They might be overheard, as she well knew; and she guessed that the meeting would not conclude without some sobs that would certainly be bitter, and might perhaps be loud.

"Send her up to the grotto and I will follow her," said Adolphe. On this, therefore, they agreed. Now the grotto was a natural excavation in a high rock, which stood precipitously upright over the establishment of the baths. A steep zigzag path, with almost never-ending steps, had been made along the face of the rock from a little flower-garden attached to the house, which lay immediately under the mountain. Close along the front of the hotel ran a brawling stream, leaving barely room for a road between it and the door. Over this there was a wooden bridge leading to the garden, and some two or three hundred yards from the bridge began the steps by which the ascent was made to the grotto.

When the season was full and the weather perfectly warm the place was much frequented. There was a green table in it and four or five deal chairs; a green garden-seat also was there, which, however, had been removed into the innermost back corner of the excavation, as its hinder legs were somewhat at fault. A wall about two feet high ran along the face of it, guarding its occupants from the precipice. In fact, it was no grotto, but a little cavern in the rock, such as we often see up above our heads in rocky valleys, and which by the means of those steep steps had been turned into a source of exercise and amusement for the visitors at the hotel.

Standing at the wall one could look down into the garden, and down also upon the shining slate roof of Madame Bauche's house; and to the left might be seen the sombre, silent, snow-capped top of the stern old Canigon, king of mountains among those Eastern Pyrenees.

And so Madame Bauche undertook to send Marie up to the grotto, and Adolphe undertook to follow her thither. It was now spring; and though the winds had fallen and the snow was no longer lying on the lower peaks, still the air was fresh and cold, and there was no danger that any of the few guests at the establishment would visit the place.

"Make her put on her cloak, Mère Bauche," said the Capitaine, who did not wish that his bride should have a cold in her head on their wedding-day. La Mère Bauche pished and pshawed, as though she were not minded to pay any attention to recommendations on such subjects from the Capitaine. But nevertheless, when Marie was seen slowly to creep across the little bridge about fifteen minutes after this time, she had a handkerchief on her head, and was closely wrapped in a dark brown cloak.

Poor Marie herself little heeded the cold, fresh air, but she was glad to avail herself of any means by which she might hide her face. When Madame Bauche sought her out in her own little room, and with a smiling face and kind kiss bade her go to the grotto, she knew, or fancied that she knew, that it was all over.

"He will tell you all the truth—how it all is," said La Mère. "We will do all we can, you know, to make you happy, Marie. But you must remember what Monsieur le Curé told us the other day. In this vale of tears we can not have every thing, as we shall have some day, when our poor wicked souls have been purged of all their wickedness. Now go, dear, and take your cloak."

"Yes, maman."

"And Adolphe will come to you. And try and behave well, like a sensible girl."

"Yes, maman;" and so she went, bearing on her brow another sacrificial kiss, and bearing in her heart such an unutterable load of woe!

Adolphe had gone out of the house before her; but standing in the stable-yard, well within the gate so that she should not see him, he watched her slowly crossing the bridge and mounting the first flight of the steps. He had often seen her tripping up those stairs, and had almost as often followed her with his quicker feet. And she, when she would hear him, would run; and then he would catch her breathless at the top, and steal kisses from her when all power of refusing them had been robbed from her by her efforts at escape. There was no such running now, no such following, no thought of such kisses.

As for him, he would fain have skulked off and shirked the interview had he dared. But he did not dare; so he waited there, out of heart, for some ten minutes, speaking a word now and then to the bath-man who was standing by, just to show that he was at his ease. But the bath-man knew that he was not at his ease. Such would-be lies as those rarely achieve deception—are rarely believed. And then, at the end of the ten minutes, with steps as slow as Marie's had been, he also ascended to the grotto.

Marie had watched him from the top, but so that she herself should not be seen. He, however, had not once lifted up his head to look for her; but, with eyes turned to the ground, had plodded his way up to the cave. When he entered she was standing in the middle, with her eyes downcast, and her hands clasped before her. She had retired some way from the wall, so that no eyes might possibly see her but those of her false lover. There she stood when he entered, striving to stand motionless, but trembling like a leaf in every limb.

It was only when he reached the top step that he made up his mind how he would behave. Perhaps, after all, the Capitaine was right; perhaps she would not mind it.

"Marie," said he, with a voice that attempted to be cheerful, "this is an odd place to meet in after such a long absence;" and he held out his hand to her. But only his hand! He offered her no salute. He did not even kiss her cheek as a brother would have done! Of the rules of the outside world it must be remembered that poor Marie knew but little. He had been a brother to her before he had become her lover.

But Marie took his hand, saying, "Yes; it had been very long."

"And now that I have come back," he went on to say, "it seems that we are all in a confusion together. I never knew such a piece of work. However, it is all for the best, I suppose."

"Perhaps so," said Marie, still trembling violently, and still looking down upon the ground. And then there was silence between them for a minute or so.

"I tell you what it is, Marie," said Adolphe at last, dropping her hand and making a great effort to get through the work before him; "I am afraid we two have been very foolish. Don't you think we have now? It seems quite clear that we can never get ourselves married. Don't you see it in that light?"

Marie's head turned round and round with her, but she was not of the fainting order. She took three steps backward, and leaned against the wall of the cave. She also was trying to think how she might best fight her battle. Was there no chance for her? Could no eloquence, no love prevail? On her own beauty she counted but little; but might not prayers do something, and a reference to those old vows which had been so frequent, so eager, so solemnly pledged between them?

"Never get ourselves married!" she said, repeating his words. "Never, Adolphe? Can we never be married?"

"Upon my word, my dear girl, I fear not. You see my mother is so dead against it."

"But we could wait, could we not?"

"Ah, but that's just it, Marie. We can not wait. We must decide now—to-day. You see I can do nothing without money from her. And as for you, you see she won't even let you stay in the house unless you marry old Campan at once. He's a very good sort of fellow though, old as he is; and if you do marry him, why you see you'll stay here, and have it all your own way in every thing. As for me, I shall come and see you all from time to time, and shall be able to push my way as I ought to do."

"Then, Adolphe, you wish me to marry the Capitaine!"

"Upon my honor, I think it is the best thing you can do; I do, indeed."

"Oh, Adolphe!"

"What can I do for you, you know? Suppose I was to go down to my mother and tell her that I had decided to keep you myself, what would come of it? Look at it in that light, Marie."

"She could not turn you out—you, her own son!"

"But she would turn you out, and deuced quick too. I can assure you of that; I can, upon my honor."

"I should not care that!" and she made a motion with her hand to show how indifferent she would be to such treatment as regarded herself. "Not that! if I still had the promise of your love."

"But what would you do?"

"I would work. There are other houses besides that one," and she pointed to the slate roofs of the Bauche establishment.

"And for me, I should have nothing—not a penny in the world," said the young man.

She came up to him and took his right hand between both of hers and pressed it warmly, oh, so warmly. "You would have my love," said she; "my deepest, warmest, best heart's love. I should want nothing more, nothing, nothing on earth, if I could still have yours," and she leaned against his shoulder and looked with all her eyes into his face.

"But, Marie, that's nonsense, you know."

"No, Adolphe; it is not nonsense. Do not let them teach you so. What does love mean, if it does not mean that? Oh, Adolphe, you do love me, you do love me, you do love me?"

"Yes—I love you," he said, slowly, as though he would not have said it if he could have helped it. And then his arm crept slowly round her waist, as though in that also he could not help himself.

"And do not I also love you?" said the passionate girl. "Oh, I do, so dearly; with all my heart, with all my soul. Adolphe, I so love you that I can not give you up. Have I not sworn to be yours; sworn, sworn a thousand times? How can I marry that man? Oh, Adolphe! how can you wish that I should marry him?" and she clung to him, and looked at him, and besought him with her eyes.

"I shouldn't wish it—only—" and then he paused. It was hard to tell her that he was willing to sacrifice her to the old man because he wanted money from his mother.

"Only what? But, Adolphe, do not wish it at all! Have you not sworn that I should be your wife? Look here, look at this!" and she brought out from her bosom a little charm that he had given her in return for that cross. "Did you not kiss that when you swore before the figure of the Virgin that I should be your wife? And do you not remember that I feared to swear so too, because your mother was so angry, and then you made me? After that, Adolphe! oh, Adolphe! Tell me that I may have some hope. I will wait; oh, I will wait so patiently!"

He turned himself away from her and walked backward and forward uneasily through the grotto. He did love her—love her as such men do love sweet, pretty girls. The warmth of her hand, the affection of her touch, the pure, bright passion of her tear-laden eye had reawaked what power of love there was within him. But what was he to do? Even if he were willing to give up the immediate golden hopes which his mother had held out to him, how was he to begin, and then how carry out this work of self-devotion? Marie would be turned away, and he would be left a victim in the hands of his mother, and of that stiff, wooden-legged militaire—a penniless victim, left to mope about the place without a grain of influence or a morsel of pleasure.

"But what can we do?" he exclaimed again, as he once more met Marie's searching eyes.

"We can be true and honest, and we can wait," she said, coming close up to him and taking hold of his arm. "I do not fear it, and she is not my mother, Adolphe. You need not fear your own mother."

"Fear? No, of course I don't fear. But I don't see how the very devil we can manage it."

"Will you let me tell her that I will not marry the Capitaine, that I will not give up your promises, and that I am ready to leave the house?"

"It would do no good."

"It would do every good, Adolphe, if I had your promised word once more—if I could hear from your voice one more tone of love. Do you not remember this place? It was here that you forced me to say that I loved you. Is it here also that you will tell me that I have been deceived?"

"It is not I that would deceive you," he said. "I wonder that you should be so hard upon me. God knows that I have trouble enough!"

"Well, if I am trouble to you, be it so. Be it as you wish;" and she leaned back against the wall of the rock, and, crossing her arms upon her breast, looked away from him, and fixed her eyes upon the sharp granite peaks of Canigon.

He again betook himself to walk backward and forward through the cave. He had quite enough of love for her to make him wish to marry her; quite enough, now, at this moment, to make the idea of her marriage with the Capitaine very distasteful to him; enough, probably, to make him become a decently-good husband to her, should fate enable him to marry her; but not enough to enable him to support all the punishment which would be the sure effect of his mother's displeasure. Besides, he had promised his mother that he would give up Marie—had entirely given in his adhesion to that plan of the marriage with the Capitaine. He had owned that the path of life, as marked out for him by his mother, was the one which it behooved him, as a man, to follow. It was this view of his duties as a man which had been specially urged on him with all the Capitaine's eloquence, and he had entirely acceded. It is so easy to get the assent of such young men—so weak in mind, and so weak in pocket—when the arguments are backed by a promise of two thousand francs a year.

"I'll tell you what I will do," at last he said; "I'll get my mother by herself, and ask her to let the matter remain as it is for the present."

"Not if it be a trouble, M. Adolphe;" and the proud girl still held her hands upon her bosom, and still looked away toward the mountain.

"You know what I mean, Marie. You can understand how she and the Capitaine are worrying me."

"But tell me, Adolphe; do you love me?"

"You know I love you, only—"

"And you will not give me up?"

"I will ask my mother. I will try to make her yield."

Marie could not feel that she received much confidence from her lover's promise; but still, even that, weak and unsteady as it was, even that was better than absolute fixed rejection. So she thanked him, promised him with tears in her eyes that she would always, always be faithful to him, and then bade him go down to the house. She would follow, she said, as soon as his passing had ceased to be observed.

Then she looked at him as though she expected some sign of renewed love. But no such sign was vouchsafed to her; now that she thirsted for the touch of his lip upon her cheek it was denied to her. He did as she bade him: he went down, slowly loitering, by himself, and in about half an hour she followed, and unobserved crept to her chamber.

Again we will pass over what took place between the mother and the son; but late in that evening, after the guests had gone to bed, Marie received a message desiring her to wait on Madame Bauche in a small salon which looked out from one end of the house. It was intended as a private sitting-room, should any special stranger arrive who required such accommodation, and therefore was but seldom used. Here she found La Mère Bauche, sitting in an arm-chair behind a small table on which stood two candles; and on a sofa against the wall sat Adolphe. The Capitaine was not in the room.

"Shut the door, Marie, and come in and sit down," said Madame Bauche. It was easy to understand from the tone of her voice that she was angry and stern, in an unbending mood, and resolved to carry out to the very letter all the threats conveyed by those terrible spectacles.

Marie did as she was bid. She closed the door, and sat down on the chair that was nearest to it.

"Marie," said La Mère Bauche—and the voice sounded fierce in the poor girl's ears, and a gloomy, wicked fire glimmered through the green glasses—"what is all this that I hear? Do you dare to say that you hold my son bound to marry you?" And then the august mother paused for an answer.

But Marie had no answer to give. She looked suppliantly toward her lover as though beseeching him to carry on the fight for her. But if she could not do battle for herself, certainly he could not do it for her. What little amount of fighting he had had in him had been thoroughly vanquished before her arrival.

"I will have an answer, and that immediately," said Madame Bauche. "I am not going to be betrayed into ignominy and disgrace by the object of my own charity. Who picked you out of the gutter, Miss, and brought you up and fed you when you would otherwise have gone to the foundling? And is this your gratitude for it all? You are not satisfied with being fed, and clothed, and cherished by me, but you must rob me of my son! Know this, then: Adolphe shall never marry a child of charity, such as you are."

Marie sat still, stunned by the harshness of these words. La Mère Bauche had often scolded her; indeed she was given to much scolding; but she had scolded her as a mother may scold a child. And when this story of Marie's love first reached her ears she had been very angry, but her anger had never brought her to such a pass as this. Indeed, Marie had not hitherto been taught to look at the matter in this light. No one had heretofore twitted her with eating the bread of charity. It had not occurred to her that on this account she was unfit to be Adolphe's wife. There, in that valley, they were all so nearly equal that no idea of her own inferiority had ever pressed itself upon her mind. But now—

When the voice ceased she again looked at him; but it was no longer with a beseeching look. Did he also altogether scorn her? That was now the inquiry which her eyes were called upon to make. No; she could not say that he did. It seemed to her that his energies were chiefly occupied in pulling to pieces the tassel of the sofa cushion.

"And now, Miss, let me know at once, whether this nonsense is to be over or not," continued La Mère Bauche. "And I will tell you this at once: I am not going to maintain you here, in *my* house, to plot against our honor and happiness. As Marie Clavert you shall not stay here. Capitaine Campan is willing to marry you, and as his wife I will keep my word to you, though you little deserve it. If you refuse to marry him—you must go. As to my son, he is there, and he will tell you now, in my presence, that he altogether declines the honor you propose for him."

And then she ceased, waiting for an answer, drumming the table the while with a wafer stamp which happened to be ready to her hand. But Marie said nothing. Adolphe had been appealed to, but Adolphe had not yet spoken.

"Well, Miss?" said La Mère Bauche.

Then Marie rose from her seat, and, walking round the room, she touched Adolphe lightly on the shoulder. "Adolphe," she said, "it is for you to speak now. I will do as you bid me."

He gave a long sigh, looked first at Marie and then at his mother, shook himself slightly, and then spoke. "Upon my word, Marie, I think mother is right. It would never do for us to marry; it would not, indeed."

"Then it is decided," said Marie, returning to her chair.

"And you will marry the Capitaine?" said La Mère Bauche. Marie merely bowed her head in token of acquiescence.

"Then we are friends again. Come here, Marie, and kiss me. You must know that it is my duty to take care of my own son. But I don't want to be angry with you if I can help it; I don't indeed. When once you are Madame Campan you shall be my own child, and you shall have any room in the house you like to choose—there." And she once more imprinted a kiss on Marie's cold forehead.

How they all got out of the room, and off to their own chambers, I can hardly tell. But in five minutes from the time of this last kiss they were thus divided. La Mère Bauche had patted Marie and smiled on her, and called her her dear, good little Madame Campan, her young little mistress of the Hôtel Bauche, and had then got herself into her own room satisfied with her own victory.

Nor must my readers be too severe on Madame Bauche. She had already done much for Marie Clavert, and when there, by her own bedside, she prayed to be forgiven for the cruelty which she felt that she had shown to the orphan. But in making this prayer, with her favorite crucifix in her hand, and the little image of the Virgin before her, she pleaded her duty to her son. Was it not right, she asked the Virgin, that she should save her son from a bad marriage? And then she promised ever so much of recompense both to the Virgin and to Marie—a new trousseau for each, with candles for the Virgin, with a gold watch and chain for Marie as soon as ever she should be Marie Campan. She had been cruel; she acknowledged it. But at such a crisis was it not excusable? And then the recompense should be so full!

But there was one other meeting that night—very short, indeed, but not the less significant. Not long after they had all separated—just so long as to allow of the house being quiet—Adolphe, still sitting in his room, meditating on what the day had done for him, heard a low tap at his door. "Come in," he said, as men always do say, and Marie, opening the door, stood just within the verge of his chamber. She had on her countenance neither the soft look of entreating love which she had worn up there in the grotto, nor did she appear crushed and subdued, as she had done before his mother. She carried her head somewhat more erect than usual, and looked boldly out at him from under her soft eyelashes. There might still be love there, but it was love proudly resolving to quell itself. Adolphe, as he looked at her, felt that he was afraid of her.

"It is all over, then, between us, M. Adolphe?" she said.

"Well, yes; don't you think it had better be so; eh, Marie?"

"And this is the meaning of oaths and vows, sworn to each other so sacredly?"

"But, Marie, you heard what my mother said."

"Oh, Sir, I have not come to *ask* you again to love me; oh no, I am not thinking of that. But this—this would be a lie if I kept it now. It would choke me if I wore it as that man's wife. Take it back;" and she tendered to him the little charm which she had always worn round her neck since he had given it to her. He took it abstractedly, without thinking what he did, and placed it on his little dressing-table.

"And you," she continued; "can you still keep that cross? Oh no. You, too, must give me back that. It would remind you too often of vows that were untrue."

"Marie," said he, "do not be so harsh to me."

"Harsh!" said she. "No; there has been enough of harshness. I would not be harsh to you, Adolphe. But give me the cross. It would prove a curse to you if you kept it."

He then opened a little box which stood upon the table, and taking out the cross, he gave it to her.

"And now, good-by," she said. "We shall have but little more to say to each other. I know this now, that I was wrong ever to have loved you. I should have been to you as are the other poor girls in the house. But oh, how was I to help it?" To this he made no answer, and so she closed the door and softly went back to her chamber. And thus ended the first day of Adolphe Bauche's return to his own home.

On the next morning the Capitaine and Marie were formally betrothed. This was done with some little ceremony, in the presence of all the guests who were then staying at the establishment, and with all manner of gracious acknowledgment of Marie's virtues. It seemed as though La Mère Bauche could not be courteous enough to her. There was no more talk now of her being a child of charity; no more allusion now to the gutter. La Mère Bauche, with her own hand, brought her cake, with a glass of wine, after the betrothal was over, and patted her on the cheek, and called her her dear little Marie Campan; and then the Capitaine was made up of infinite politeness, and the guests all wished her joy, and the servants of the house began to perceive that she was a person entitled to respect. How different was all this from that harsh attack that was made on her the preceding evening! Only Adolphe, he alone kept aloof; though he was present there he said nothing; he, and he only, offered no congratulations.

In the midst of all these gala doings Marie herself said little or nothing. La Mère Bauche perceived this, but she forgave it. Angrily as she had expressed herself at the idea of Marie's daring to love her son, she still acknowledged within her own heart that such love had been natural. She could feel no pity for Marie as long as Adolphe was in danger; but now she knew how to pity her. So Marie was still petted and still encouraged, though she went through the day's work sullenly and in silence.

As to the Capitaine, it was all one to him. He was a man of the world. He did not expect that he should really be preferred, *con amore*, to a young fellow like Adolphe. But he did expect that Marie, like other girls, would do as she was bid, and that in a few days she would regain her temper, and be reconciled to her life.

And then the marriage was fixed for a very early day—as La Mère said, "What was the use of waiting? All their minds were made up now, and therefore the sooner the two were married the better. Did not the Capitaine think so?"

The Capitaine said that he did think so.

And then Marie was asked. It was all one to her, she said. Whatever Maman Bauche liked, that she would do; only, she would not name a day herself. Indeed, she would neither do nor say any thing herself, practically, which tended in any way to a furtherance of these matrimonials. But then she acquiesced, quickly enough, if not readily, in what other people did and said. And so the marriage was fixed for the day week after Adolphe's return.

The whole of that week passed much in the same way. The servants about the place spoke among themselves of Marie's perverseness, obstinacy, and ingratitude, because she would not look pleased, or answer Madame Bauche's courtesies with gratitude; but La Mère herself showed no signs of anger. Marie had yielded to her, and she required no more. And she remembered also the harsh words she had used to gain her purpose; and she reflected on all that Marie had lost. On these accounts she was forbearing and exacted nothing—nothing but that one sacrifice which was to be made in accordance with her wishes.

And it was made. They were married in the great salon—the dinner-room—immediately after breakfast. Madame Bauche was dressed in a new puce silk dress, and looked very magnificent on the occasion. She simpered, and smiled, and looked gay, even in spite of her spectacles; and, as the ceremony was being performed, she held, fast-clutched in her hand, the gold watch and chain which were intended for Marie as soon as ever the marriage should be completed.

The Capitaine was dressed exactly as usual, only that all his clothes were new. Madame Bauche had endeavored to persuade him to wear a blue coat, but he answered that such a change would not, he was sure, be to Marie's taste. To tell the truth, Marie would hardly have known the difference had he presented himself in scarlet vestments.

Adolphe, however, was dressed very finely, but he did not make himself prominent on the occasion. Marie watched him closely, though none saw that she did so; and of his garments she could have given an account with much accuracy—of his garments, ay, and of every look. "Is he a man?" she said, at last, to herself, "that he can stand by and see all this?"

She, too, was dressed in silk. They had put on her what they pleased, and she bore the burden of her wedding finery without complaint and without pride. There was no blush on her face as she walked up to the table at which the priest stood, no hesitation in her low voice as she made the necessary answers. She put her hand into that of the Capitaine's when required to do so, and when the ring was put on her finger she shuddered, but ever so slightly. No one observed it but La Mère Bauche. "In one week she will be used to it, and then we shall all be happy," said La Mère to herself. "And I, I will be so kind to her!"

And so the marriage was completed and the watch was at once given to Marie. "Thank you, maman," said she, as the trinket was fastened to her girdle. Had it been a pin-cushion that had cost three sous it would have affected her as much.

And then there were cake and wine and sweetmeats; and after a few minutes Marie disappeared. For an hour or so the Capitaine was taken up with the congratulations of his friends, and with the efforts necessary to the wearing of his new honors with an air of ease; but after that time he began to be uneasy because his wife did not come to him. At two or three in the afternoon he went to La Mère Bauche to complain. "This lackadaisical nonsense is no good," he said. "At any rate it is too late now. Marie had better come down among us and show herself satisfied with her husband."

But Madame Bauche took Marie's part. "You must not be too hard on Marie," she said. "She has gone through with a good deal this week past, and is very young; whereas, Capitaine, you are not very young."

The Capitaine merely shrugged his shoulders. In the mean time Mère Bauche went up to visit her protégé in her own room, and came down with a report that she was suffering from a headache. She could not appear at dinner, Madame Bauche said; but would make one at the little party which was to be given in the evening. With this the Capitaine was forced to be content.

The dinner, therefore, went on quietly without her, much as it did on other ordinary days. And then there was a little time of vacancy during which the gentlemen drank their coffee and smoked their cigars at the café, talking over the event that had taken place that morning, and the ladies brushed their hair and added some ribbon or some brooch to their usual apparel. Twice during this time did Madame Bauche go up to Marie's room with offers to assist her. "Not yet, maman; not quite yet," said Marie, piteously through her tears; and then twice did the green spectacles leave the room covering eyes which also were not dry. Ah! what had she done? What had she dared to take upon herself to do? She could not undo it now.

And then it became quite dark in the passages and out of doors, and the guests assembled in the salon. La Mère Bauche came in and out three or four times, uneasy in her gait and unpleasant in her aspect, and every body began to see that things were wrong. "She is ill, I am afraid," said one. "The excitement has been too much," said a second. "And then he is so old," whispered a third. And the Capitaine stalked about, erect on his wooden leg, taking snuff and striving to look indifferent. But he also was uneasy in his mind.

Presently La Mère Bauche came in again, with a quicker step than before, and whispered something—first to Adolphe, and then to the Capitaine, whereon they both followed her out of the room.

"Not in her chamber?" said Adolphe.

"Then she must be in yours," said the Capitaine to Madame Bauche.

"She is in neither," said La Mère Bauche, with her sternest voice. "Nor is she in the house."

And now there was no longer an affectation of indifference on the part of any of them. They were any thing but indifferent. The Capitaine was eager in his demand that the matter should still be kept secret from the guests. She had always been romantic, he said, and had now gone out to walk by the river-side. They three and the old bath-man would go out and look for her.

"But it is pitch dark," said La Mère Bauche.

"We will take lanterns," said the Capitaine. And so they sallied forth, with creeping steps over the gravel, so that they might not be heard by those within, and proceeded to search for the young wife.

"Marie! Marie!" said La Mère Bauche, in piteous accents; "do come to me; pray do."

"Hush!" said the Capitaine; "they'll hear you if you call." He could not endure that the world should learn that a marriage with him had been so distasteful to Marie Clavert.

"Marie, dear Marie!" called Madame Bauche, louder than before, quite regardless of the Capitaine's feelings. But no Marie answered. In her innermost heart now did La Mère Bauche wish that this cruel marriage had been left undone.

Adolphe was foremost with his lamp, but he hardly dared to look in the spot where he felt that it was most likely that she should have taken refuge. How could he meet her again alone in that grotto? Yet he alone of the four was young. It was clearly for him to ascend. "Marie!" he shouted, "are you there?" as he slowly began the long ascent of the steps.

But he had hardly begun to mount when a whirring sound struck his ear, and he felt that the air near him was moved; and then there was a crash upon the lower platform of rock, and a moan, repeated twice but ever so faintly, and a rustle of silk, and a slight struggle, somewhere as he knew within twenty paces of him; and then all was again quiet and still in the night air.

"What was that?" asked the Capitaine, in a harsh voice. He made his way half across the little garden, and he also was within forty or fifty yards of the flat rock. But Adolphe was unable to answer him. He had fainted and the lamp had fallen from his hands, and rolled to the bottom of the steps.

But the Capitaine, though even his heart was all but quenched within him, had still strength enough left to make his way up to the rock; and there, holding the lantern above his eyes, he saw all that was left for him to see of his bride.

As for La Mère Bauche, she never again sat at the head of that table, never again dictated to guests, never again laid down laws for the management of any one. A poor, bedridden old woman, she lay there in her house at Vernet for some seven tedious years, and then was gathered to her fathers.

As for the Capitaine— But what matters? He was made of sterner stuff. What matters either the fate of such a one as Adolphe Bauche?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A spacious Piece of Furniture—A table of dictances.

When a gentleman steps on a lady's train the lady should turn round and say politely, "I beg your pardon, Sir;" and the gentleman should bow and say, "I accept your apology, Madam."

When lovely woman stoops to frolic,
  And rues the ruse, alas! too late,
What balm shall soothe her meloncolic?
  What art shall set her back up straight?

The only thing for her disaster—
  The only way her woe to end—
Is to apply a mustard plaster:
  If she won't do it, let her bend.

"I have just met your old acquaintance, Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has almost shrunk away to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

An eminent artist lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting too near it with his coat off.

"Mary," said the teacher, "why didn't you come to school yesterday?"

"If you please, Marm, my aunt died, and I went to the funeral."

"Well, hereafter when your relatives die, tell them to have the funerals Saturday afternoons or on Sundays, for we can't have our schools disorganized by such things."

The little girl promised, and recitations commenced.

THE SQUEEZER.

A Yankee of inventive mind,
Observing once that womankind
Were blest with rather larger waists
Than seemed conformed to ladies' tastes,
Planned out and made of polished steel
With many a secret spring and wheel,
A queer machine, to work a sure
And altogether perfect cure
On every waist that might not be
Of small enough periphery.
His great machine at last complete,
He advertised in many a sheet,
In this poetic style:
"Attention, ladies! call and see
The wonder of the country!
My patent Waist Decreaser,
The ladies' loving squeezer!
Got up and run by Jabez Kile."
Then, seated in his office at his ease,
He waited calmly for a waist to squeeze.
He had not very long to wait,
For soon a maiden dressed in state,
With rustling robes and smile serene,
Came in to try the great machine;
And throwing off her furs and hat,
With stoic resignation sat
Straight down among the wheels and springs,
And screws and other curious things:
Then said to Kile, "Sir, if you please,
I'd like a little—just a *little squeeze.*"
"With pleasure, ma'am," said he, and placed
The pliant springs about her waist;
Then turned the crank; the spring grew tight:
Again she smiled with pure delight.
He turned again, she sighed; and then
He turned the polished crank again;
She smiled again, and whispered low,
"My dearest Jabez, *turn it slow!*
I'd linger long in joy like this!"
He turned again, she murmured "*bliss!*"
Again—she smiled, she strove to speak,
But with ecstatic joy grew weak,
Could only faintly gasp, "*Dear John, please,*
Another little, just a little squeeze!"
The wheels went round, she fell asunder—dead,
And—*Jabez fled.*

At Dieppe, in France, the following notice has been issued by the police: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will govern themselves accordingly!"

"When men break their hearts," remarks a cynical female writer, "it is the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouting immediately and growing in its place."

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told "three or four." Her mother asked Mary, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I didn't want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child. Wouldn't he thought we were dreffid poor?"

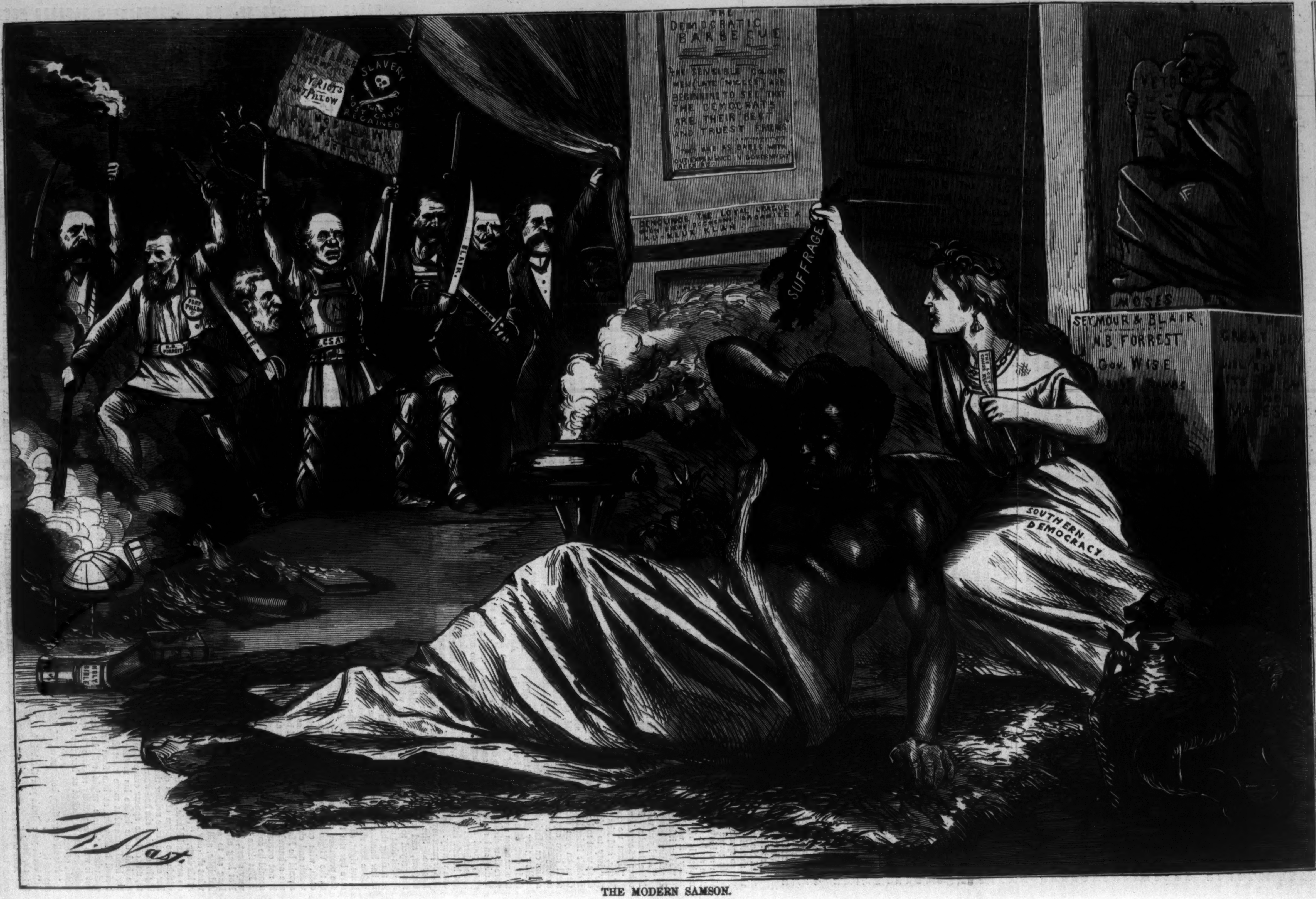
A young lady in New York has got such a perfect "Grecian Bend" that she has earned the title of beau instead of belle.

DISSERTATION ON THE MOSQUITO.

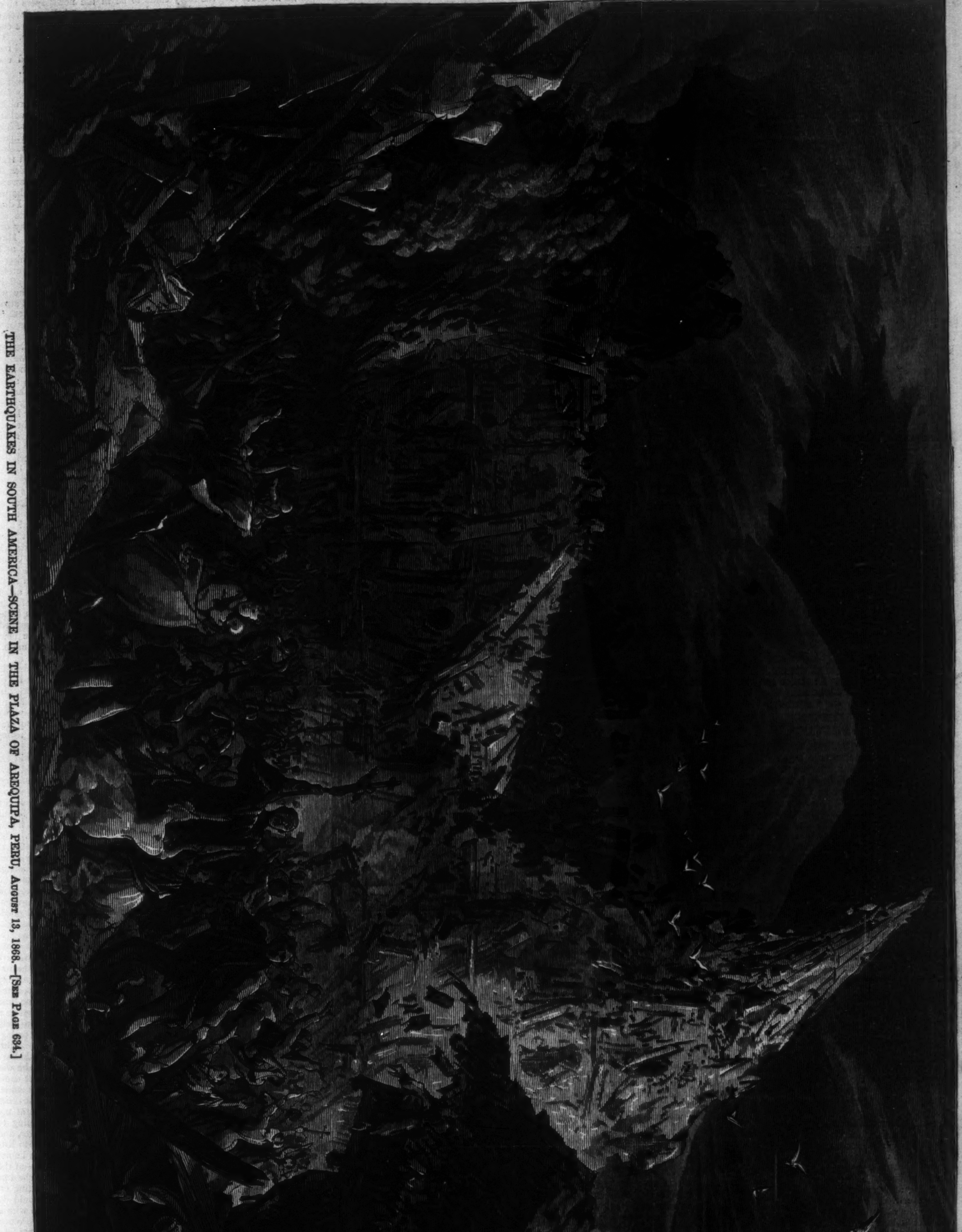
The mosquito is not a progressive creature at all. While enlightened medical opinion has discarded blood-letting nearly altogether, the mosquito keeps right on (slap) bleeding his patients, no matter what their complaint may be, and some of them complain terribly. Then, again, the old school doctors never used to present their bill before they bled you, but the mosquito (slap, slap) presents his *bill* as soon as he arrives, and bleeds you afterward. His skill in (slap) *bleeding* people would make him a successful proprietor of a watering-place hotel.

The mosquito is *to hum* wherever he goes. But with all his mingling in the best society, and notwithstanding his (slap, slap, slap) close familiarity with all classes of people, he is in a measure quite unsophisticated. You wouldn't make much of a mistake if you picked him up for a *sucker* every day in the week. (Slap.) If he is sharp at all it is only shown in *boring* people. (Slap.)

He is a creature of very dissipated habits, and is frequently known to run all night. It is killing (slap) to their constitutions, but they will do it. They are fastidious in their tastes, however, and never keep company except with people of "blood." They can't stand (slap) much liquor. It goes to their heads.


THE DEMOCRATIC BARBECUE
THE SENSIBLE COLORED MEN (LATE NIGGER) ARE BEGINNING TO SEE THAT THE DEMOCRATS ARE THEIR BEST AND TRUEST FRIENDS
"THEY ARE AS BABES WITHOUT EXPERIENCE IN GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS"
DENOUNCE THE LOYAL LEAGUE UPON EVERY OCCASION; ORGANIZE A KU-KLUX KLAN
SUFFRAGE
VETO
MOSES
SEYMOUR & BLAIR.
N.B. FORREST
GOV. WISE.
GREAT DEM PARTY
MOSES
SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY
RIOTS
FORT PILLOW
SLAVERY
THE LOST CAUSE REGAINED
KU-KLUX KLAN
DEMOCRATS
BLAIR.
HOFFMAN
C.S.A.
LEE
FORT PILLOW
N.B. FORREST
Th. Nast.

THE MODERN SAMSON.



THE EARTHQUAKES IN SOUTH AMERICA—SCENE IN THE PLAZA OF AREQUIPA, PERU, August 13, 1868.—[See Page 634.]

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE full details of the great earthquake on the Pacific coast of South America fully corroborate the early statements, of which we gave a synopsis in our last issue. The destruction of life has not proved, as we then hoped it would not, as great as was at first reported. The Providence which inflicts these evils on us also decrees that the terrible visitants shall announce their coming by premonitory shocks, not severe or dangerous; and thus warned, most of the residents in the towns destroyed or damaged, managed to escape to the open and less dangerous places.

The earthquake was accompanied by many curious phenomena. It was noticed by many persons that the rocking of the earth was in every instance from north to south, not from east to west or indiscriminately. The tidal waves were in the same general direction. There were five of these seen at Arica, the least of them being thirty feet high. At Ylo the sea opened and threw up a column of water to a great height.

Our illustration on page 633 is of the Plaza of Arequipa during the earthquake. A citizen of this place, writing from its ruins on August 14, the day of its destruction, thus describes the terrible scene we portray:

"About ten minutes to 5 P.M. I sat down, in company with four other gentlemen. We had got about half through dinner when we felt the first symptoms of the earthquake. We got up quickly from the table and ran to the nearest street corner, a distance of not more than one hundred feet. By the time we got there the foundation of the earth seemed to have given way, and the noise beneath our feet was perfectly horrible. The whole country, together with the mighty mountains that surround this place, seemed to be afloat without anchor or buoy. At this stage of the scene it was heart-rending beyond description, the houses falling all over the city, making terrible noise, like the roars of many cannon. This, together with the terrific rumbling noise beneath, made us think that not only the last day, but the last second, had come, and half gone. Every second we expected to feel the earth open and swallow us into its dark abyss. I said feel the earth open, because at this time nothing could be seen on account of the dust from the falling houses. The heavy shock lasted nearly seven minutes. Then there was a lull and apparently a dull, rumbling noise underneath; also the dust cleared away a little.

"Then a fresh scene was visible, such a one as I hope may never again be witnessed by this or any other people. The dutiful son might be seen with his aged mother or helpless father on his back or in his arms, trying to take them to a place of safety, although no such place was visible. The loving brother or sister might be seen with a little group of helpless children around crying for help and protection. Although young in years, all seemed to realize the terrible danger that surrounded them. The stout husband held the fainting form of his dear wife in his arms, she, although apparently unconscious, having her little babe clasped firmly to her breast. All over the streets and plazas humanity could be seen in all imaginable manners, praying, crying, shouting, running, kneeling, falling, and lying prostrate on the ground."

THE STOCKBROKER AT DINGLEWOOD.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Ada woke, however, instead of being, as I was, more hopeless, she was almost sanguine. "There is my money, you know," she said. "After all, so long as it is only money. I will go and see them, as the man said, and they will come to terms. So long as we are together, what do I mind whether we have a large house or a little one? And Harry himself speaks of my settlement. Don't cry. I was frightened last night; but now I see what to do. Will you come up to town with me by the twelve o'clock train? And you shall see all will come right."

I had not the heart to say a word. I went home and changed that wretched evening dress which I had worn all through the night. It was a comfort to throw it off and cast it away from me; and I never wore it again; the very sight of it made me ill ever after. I found Ada almost in high spirits with the strength of her determination and certainty that she was going to redeem her husband and make all right, when I went back. Just before noon, however, when she was putting on her bonnet to start, a carriage swept up to the door. I was at the window of the dining-room when it came in sight, waiting for the brougham to convey us to the station. And the rector and his wife were coming up the avenue with "kind inquiries," in the full belief that old Mrs. Gresham was dying, and that the house was "in affliction." No wonder they started and stared at the sight. It was old Mrs. Gresham herself, in her pink ribbons, fresh and full and splendid, in robust health and all the colors of the rainbow, who came dashing up, with her stately bays, to the door.

I had only time to realize that all our little attempts to keep up appearances were destroyed forever when the old people came in; for Harry's father had come too, though no one ever noticed him in presence of his wife. Mrs. Gresham came in smiling and gracious, in her usual affable and rather overwhelming way. She would have dismissed me majestically before she went to her daughter-in-law, but I was in reality too obtuse, by reason of fatigue and excitement, to understand what she meant. When she went to Ada the old man remained with me. He was not an attractive old man, and I had scarcely spoken to him before. He walked about the room looking at every thing, while I sat by the window. If he had been an auctioneer valuing the furniture, he could not have been more particular in his investigations. He examined the handsome oak furniture, which was the envy of the Green—the immense mirrors, the great china vases, the pictures on the walls—as if making a mental calculation. Then he came and stood by me, and began to talk. "In my time young people were not so extravagant," he said. "There are thousands of pounds, I believe, sunk in this house."

"Mrs. Gresham had a great deal of taste," I said, faltering.

"Taste! Nonsense. You mean waste," said the old man, sitting down astride on a carved chair, and looking at me across the back of it. "But I admit the things have their value—they'll sell. Of course you know Harry has got into a mess?" he went on. "Women think they can hush up these things; but that's impossible. He has behaved like an idiot, and he must take the consequences. Fortunately the family is provided for. Her friends need not be concerned in that respect."

"I am very glad," said I, as it was necessary to say something.

"So am I," said old Mr. Gresham. "I suppose they would have come upon *me* if that had not been the case. It's a bad business; but it is not so bad as it might have been. I can't make out how a son of mine should have been such an ass. But they all go so fast in these days. I suppose you had a very grand ball last night? A ball!" he repeated, with a sort of snort. I don't know if there was any fatherly feeling at all in the man; but if there was he hid it under his mask of harshness and contempt.

"Will not Mr. Gresham return?" I asked, foolishly; but my mind was too much worn out to have full control of what I said.

The old man gave a shrug, and glanced at me with a mixture of scorn and suspicion. "I can't say what may happen in the future," he said, dryly. "I should advise him not. But Ada can live where she likes—and she will not be badly off."

Old Mrs. Gresham staid a long time up stairs with her daughter-in-law; so long that my patience almost deserted me. Mr. Gresham went off, after sitting silent opposite to me for some time, to look over the house, which was a relief; and no doubt I might have gone too, for we were far too late for the train. But I was too anxious to go away. When the two came down the old lady was just as cheerful and overwhelming as usual, though poor Ada was deadly pale. Mrs. Gresham came in with her rich, bustling, prosperous look, and shook hands with me over again. "I am sure I beg your pardon," she said; "I had so much to say to Ada. We have not met for a whole month; and, poor child, they gave her such a fright last night. My dear, don't you mean to give us some luncheon? Grandpapa never takes lunch; you need not wait for him: but I am quite hungry after my long drive."

Then poor Ada rose and rung the bell; she was trembling so that she tottered as she moved. I saw that her lips were dry, and she could scarcely speak. She gave her orders so indistinctly that the man could not hear her. "Luncheon!" cried the old lady, in her imperious way. "Can't you hear what Mrs. Gresham says? Lunch directly—and tell my people to be at the door in an hour. Ada, a man who stared in my face like that, and pretended not to understand, should not stay another day in my house; you are a great deal too easy. So your ball was interrupted last night, Mrs. Mulgrave," she went on, with a laugh, "and the blame laid on me. Oh, those boys! I hope the good people hereabouts will not take offense. I will never forgive them, though, for giving Ada such a fright, poor child. She thought I was dying, I suppose; and it was only one of Gerald's sporting scrapes. Some horse was being tampered with, and he would have lost thousands if they had not rushed off; so they made out I was dying, the wretched boys. Ha, ha! I don't look much like dying to-day."

"No, indeed," was all I could say. As for Ada, she never opened her white lips except to breathe in little gasps like a woman in a fever. The old lady had all the weight of the conversation to bear; and, indeed, she was talking not for our benefit, but for that of the servants, who were bringing the luncheon. She looked so rich and assured of herself that I think they were staggered in their certainty of misfortune and believed her for the moment. The young footman, who had just been begging me privately to speak a word for him to secure him another place, gave me a stealthy imploring look, begging me, as it were, not to betray him. The old gentleman was out, going over the house and grounds, but Mrs. Gresham ate a very good luncheon and continued her large and ample talk. "They sent me a message this morning," she said, as she ate, "and ordered me to come over and make their excuses and set things right. Just like boys! Give me some sherry, John Thomas. I shall scold them well, I promise you, when they come back—upsetting poor Ada's nerves and turning the house upside down like this. I don't know what Ada would have done without you, Mrs. Mulgrave; and I hear you had their stable-men, trainers, or whatever you call them, to puzzle you too?"

"Yes," I said, struck dumb with wonder. Was all this an invention, or was she herself deceived? Poor Ada sat with her eyes cast down, and never spoke except in monosyllables; she could scarcely raise to her lips the wine which her mother-in-law made her swallow. I could not but admire the energy and determination of the woman. But at the same time she bewildered me, as she sat eating and drinking, with her elbow on the table and her rich lace mantle sweeping over the white table-cloth, conversing in this confident way. To meet her eyes, which had not a shade of timidity or doubt about them, and see her evident comfort and enjoyment, and believe she was telling a downright lie, was almost more than was possible. "I did not know Mr. Gerald was a racing man," I faltered, not knowing what to say.

"Oh yes, he is on the turf," said Mrs. Gresham, shrugging her shoulders; "he is on every thing that don't pay. That boy has been a nuisance all his life. Not that there is any thing bad about him; but he's fashionable, you know, and we are known to be rich, and every body gives him his own way; and Harry's such a good brother—" said the rash woman all at once, to show how much at her ease she was. But this was taking a step too much. Ada could bear it no longer. There was a sudden sound of choking sobs, and then she sprang from the table. The strain had gone too far.

"I hear baby crying; I must go to baby," she sobbed; and rushed from the room without any regard to appearances. Even Mrs. Gresham, self-possessed as she was, had gone too far for her own strength. Her lip quivered in spite of herself. She looked steadily down, and crumbled the bread before her in her strong agitated fingers. Then she gave a little laugh, which was not much less significant than tears.

"Poor little Ada," she said; "she can't bear to be crossed. She has had such a happy life, when any thing goes contrairy it puts her out." Perhaps it was the quivering of her own lip that brought back her vernacular. And then we began to discuss the ball as if nothing had happened. Her husband came in while we were talking, and shrugged his shoulders and muttered disapprobation, but she took no notice. She must have been aware that I knew all; and yet she thought she could bewilder me still.

I went home shortly after, grieved and disgusted and sick at heart, remembering all the wicked stories people tell of mercantile dishonesty, of false bankruptcies, and downright robberies, and the culprits who escape and live in wealth and comfort abroad. This was how it was to be in the case of Harry Gresham. His wife had her settlement, and would go to him, and they would be rich and well off, though he had as good as stolen his neighbor's property and squandered it away. Of course I did not know all the particulars then; and I had got to be fond of these young people. I knew very well that Harry was not wicked, and that his little wife was both innocent and good. When one reads such stories in the papers one says, "Wretches!" and thinks no more of it. But these two were not wretches, and I was fond of them, and it made me sick at heart. I went up stairs and shut myself into my own room, not being able to see visitors or to hear all the comment that, without doubt, was going on. But it did not mend matters when I saw from my window Mrs. Gresham driving past, lying back in her carriage, sweeping along swift as two superb horses could carry her, with her little old husband in the corner by her side, and a smile on her face, ready to wave her hand in gracious recognition of any one she knew. She was like a queen coming among us, rather than the mother of a man who had fled in darkness and shame. I never despised poor Mrs. Stoke or thought less of her for Everard's downfall, but I felt scorn and disgust rise in my heart when these people passed my door; though Mrs. Gresham, too, was her son's champion in her own worldly way.

Some hours later Ada sent me a few anxious pleading words, begging me to go to her. I found her in the avenue, concealing herself among the trees; though it was a warm summer day she was cold and shivering. I do not know any word that can express her pallor. It was not the whiteness of death, but of agonized and miserable life, palpitating in every nerve and straining every faculty.

"Hush!" she said. "Don't go to the house—I can't bear it—I am watching for him—here!"

"Is he coming back?" I cried, in terror.

"I do not know; I can't tell where he is, or where he is going!" cried poor Ada, grasping my arm; "but if he should come back he would be taken. The house is watched. Did you not see that old man sitting under the hedge? There are people every where about watching for my Harry; and they tell me I am to stay quiet and take no notice. I think I will die—I wish I could die!"

"No, my darling!" I said, crying over her. "Tell me what it is? Did they bring you no comfort? He will not come back to be taken. There is no fear. Did they not tell you what it means?"

"They told me," cried Ada, with a violent color flushing over her face, "that I was to keep my money to myself, and not to pay back that—that—what he has taken! It is true; he has taken some money that was not his, and lost it; but he meant to pay it back again, Mrs. Mulgrave. We were so rich; he knew he could pay it all back. And now he has lost every thing and can't pay it. And they will put him in prison. Oh, I wish he had died! I wish we had all died," cried Ada, "rather than this—rather than to feel what I do to-day!"

"My dear," I cried, "don't say so; we can not die when we please. It is a terrible misfortune; but when he did not mean it—"

Great tears rushed to Ada's eyes. "He did not mean *that*," she said; "but I think he meant me to keep my money and live on it. Oh, what shall I do? They say I will be wicked if I give it up. I will work for him with all my heart. But I can not go on living like this, and keep what is not mine. If your husband had done it, Mrs. Mulgrave—don't be angry with me—would not you have sold the cottage and given up every thing? And what am I to do?"

"You must come in and rest," I said. "Never mind what they said to you. You must do what is right, Ada, and Gerald will stand by you. He will know how to do it. Come in now and rest."

"Ah, Gerald!" cried the poor child, and then she leaned on my shoulder and cried. The moment she heard even the name of one man whom she could trust, her strength broke down. "Gerald will know how to do it!" she said, faintly, as I led her in, and tried to smile at me. It was a gleam of comfort in the darkness. I can not describe the period of terrible suspense that followed. I staid with her, making no pretense of going back to my own house; though when the story came to be in the newspapers all my friends wrote letters to me and disapproved of my conduct. I did not care; one knows one's own duties better than one's friends do. The day after the ball hosts of cards, and civil messages, and "kind inquiries" had poured upon Ada; but after that they totally stopped. Not a carriage nor a visitor came near the house for the last three days. The world fell away from us and left the poor young creature to bear her burden alone. In the midst of all this real suffering there was one little incident which affected my temper more than all the rest. Old Thomas Lee, an old man from the village, who used to carry little wares about in a basket, and made his living by it, had taken his place under the hedge close to the gates of Dinglewood, and sat there watching all day long. Of course he was paid to do it, and he was very poor. But I don't think the money he earned so has done him much good. I have never given a penny or a penny's worth to old Lee since that time. Many a sixpence poor Harry had tossed at him as he passed in his Yankee wagon every morning to the station. I had no patience with the wretched old spy. He had the assurance to take off his hat to me when I went into the house he was watching, and I confess that it was with a struggle, no later back than last winter, when the season was at its coldest, that I consented to give him a little help for his children's sake.

It was nearly a week before we got any letters, and all these long days we watched and waited, glad when every night fell, trembling when every morning rose; watching at the windows, at the gates, every where that a peep could be had of the white, blinding, vacant road. Every time the postman went round the Green our hearts grew faint with anxiety: once or twice when the telegraph boy appeared, even I, though I was but a spectator, felt the life die out of my heart. But at last this period of dreadful uncertainty came to a close. It was in the morning, by the first post, that the letters came. They were under cover to me, and I took them to Ada's room while she was still sleeping the restless sleep of exhaustion. She sprang up in a moment and caught at her husband's letter as if it had been a revelation from heaven. The happiest news in the world could not have been more eagerly received. He was safe. He had put the Channel between him and his pursuers. There was no need for further watching. The relief in itself was a positive happiness. Ten days ago it would have been heart-rending to think of Harry Gresham as an escaped criminal, as an exile, for whom return was impossible; disgraced, nameless, and without hope. To-day the news was joyful news: he was safe, if nothing more.

Then for the first time Ada indulged in the luxury of tears—tears that came in floods, like those thunder-showers which ease the hearts of the young. She threw herself on my neck and kissed me again and again. "I should have died but for you: I had no mamma of my own to go to," she sobbed, like a baby. Perhaps the thing that made these childish words go to my heart was that I had no child.

Of course I expected, and every body will expect, that after this excitement she would have fallen ill. But she did not. On the contrary, she came down stairs with me, and ate (almost for the first time), and smiled, and played with her children, while I stood by with the feeling that I ought to have a brain-fever myself, if Ada would not see what was expected of her. But as the day ran on she became grave, and ever graver. She said little, and it was mostly about Gerald; how he must come home and manage every thing; how she was determined to take no rest, to listen to no argument, till the money was paid. I went home to my own house that evening, and she made no opposition. I said good-night to her in the nursery where she was sitting close by her little girl's bed. She was crying, poor child, but I did not wonder at that; and nurse was a kind woman, and very attentive to her little mistress. I went round to the terrace and out by the garden, without having any particular reason for it. But before I reached the gate some one came tripping after me, and looking round I saw it was Ada, wrapped in a great water-proof cloak. She was going to walk home with me, she said. I resisted her coming, but it was in vain. It was a warm balmy night, and I could not understand why she should have put on her great cloak. But as soon as she was safe in my little drawing-room, her secret came out. Then she opened her mantle with a smile. On one of her arms hung a bundle; on the other rested her sleeping baby. She laughed at my amaze, and then she cried. "I am going to Harry," she said; and held her child closer, and dried her eyes and sat immovable, ready to listen to any thing I chose to say. Heaven knows I said every thing that I could think of—of the folly of it, of her fool-hardiness; that she was totally unable for the task she was putting on herself; that Harry had Gerald, and could do without her. All which she listened to with a smile, impenetrable, and not to be moved. When I had come to an end of my arguments, she stretched out to me the arm on which the bundle hung, and drew me close to her and kissed me again. "You are going to give me some biscuits and a little flask of wine," she said, "to put in my pocket. I have one of the housekeeper's old-fashioned pockets, which is of some use. And then you must say 'God bless you,' and let me go."

"God bless you, my poor child," I said, overcome; "but you must not go; little Ada too—"

Then her eyes filled with tears. "My pretty darling!" she said; "but grandmamma will take her to Bishop's Hope. It is only baby that can not live without his mother. Baby and Harry. What is Gerald? I know he wants *me*."

"But he can wait," I cried; "and you so young, so delicate, so utterly unused to any trouble!"

"I can carry my child perfectly," said Ada. "I never was delicate. There is a train at eleven, down to Southampton. I found it out in the book: and after that I know my way. I am a very good traveler," she said, with a smile, "and Gerald must come to settle every thing. Give me the biscuits, dear Mrs. Mulgrave, and kiss me and let me go."

And it had to be so, though I pleaded with her until I was hoarse. When the moment came I put on my cloak too and walked with her, late as it was, a mile off to the new station, which both she and I had thought too far for walking in the cheerful daylight. I carried the bundle while she carried the baby, and we looked like two homely country women trudging home. She drew her hood over her head while she got her ticket, and I waited outside. Then in the dark I kissed her for the last time. I could not speak, nor did she. She took the bundle from me, grasping my hand with her soft fingers almost as a man might have done; and we kissed each other with anguish, like people who part forever. And I have never seen her again.

As I came back, frightened and miserable, all by myself along the moonlit road, I had to pass the Stokes' cottage. Lottie was leaning out of the window, though it was now nearly midnight, with her face, all pallid in the moon, turned toward Dinglewood. I could scarcely keep myself from calling to her. She did not know what we had been doing, yet her heart had been with us that night.

CHAPTER V.

I WILL not describe the tumult that arose when it was discovered. The servants rushed over to me in a body, and I suggested that they should send for Mrs. Gresham; and that great lady came in all her splendor and took little Ada away, and gave every body "notice." Then great bills of the auction covered the pillars at the gate, and strangers came in heaps to see the place. In a month every thing had melted away like a tale that is told. The Greshams and their wealth and their liberality and their good-nature fell out of the very recollection of the people on the Green, along with the damask and the gilding and the flowers, the fine carriages, and the powdered footman. Every thing connected with them disappeared. The new tenant altered the house a second time; and every thing that could recall the handsome young couple and their lavish ways was cleared away. Of course there was nothing else talked of for a long time after. Every body had his or her account of the whole business: some said poor Harry met his pursuers in the field close to the river, and that Gerald and he fought with them, and left them all but dead in the grass; some said that Ada and I defended the house, and would not let them in; and there were countless romances about the escape and Ada's secret following after. The imagination of my neighbors made many a fancy sketch of that last scene; but never hit upon any thing so touching as my last glimpse of her, with her baby under her cloak, going into the train. I held my peace, and let them speak. She had been as my own child for about a week, just a week of our lives; before that she was a common acquaintance, after it a stranger; but I could not let any vulgar tongues meddle with our relationship or her story in that sacred time.

And after a while the tale fell into oblivion, as every story does if we can but wait long enough. People forgot about the Greshams; sometimes a stranger would observe the name of Mr. Gresham, of Bishop's Hope, in some list of county charities, and would ask if he was a Gresham of Greshambury, or if he was any connection of the man who ran away. Of course, at the time, it was in all the newspapers. He had taken money that somebody had trusted him with and used it in his speculations. Of course he meant to pay it back; but then a great crash came. The men say there was no excuse for him, and I can see that there is no excuse; but he never meant it, poor Harry! And then the papers were full of further incidents, which were more unusual than Harry's sin or his flight. The *Times* devoted a leading article to it, which every body read, holding Mrs. Gresham up to the applause of the world. Ada gave up her settlement and all her own fortune, and "one of his brothers," the papers said, came forward too, and most of the money was paid back. But Harry, poor fellow, disappeared. He was as if he had gone down at sea. His name and every sign of his life went out of knowledge—waves of forgetfulness, desertion, exile closed over them. And at Dinglefield they were never either seen or heard of again.

As long as it continued to be in the papers Lottie Stoke kept in a very excited state. She came to me forever finding out every word that was printed about it, dwelling on every thing. That evening when the article appeared about Mrs. Gresham's heroic abandonment of her fortune, and about "one of his brothers," Lottie came with her eyes lighted up like windows in an illumination, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. She read it all to me, and listened to my comments, and clasped my hand in hers when I cried out, "That must be Gerald." She sat on the footstool, holding the paper, and gazed up into my face with her eyes like lamps. "Then I do not mind!" she cried, and buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. And I did not ask her what she meant—I had not the heart.

It was quite years after before I heard any thing more of the Greshams, and then it was by way of Lottie Stoke that the news came. She had grown thinner and more worn year by year. She had not had the spirits to go out, and they were so poor that they could have no society at home. And by degrees Lottie came to be considered a little old, which is a dreadful business for an unmarried girl when her people are so poor. Mrs. Stoke did not upbraid her; but still it may be guessed what her feelings were. But, fortunately, as Lottie sunk into the back-ground, Lucy came to the front. She was pretty, and fresh, and gay, and more popular than her sister had ever been. And, by-and-by, she did fulfill the grand object of existence, and married well. When Lucy told me of her engagement she was very angry with her sister.

"She says, how can I do it? She asks me if I have forgotten Gerald Gresham?" cried Lucy. "As if I ever cared for Gerald Gresham; or as if any body would marry him after— I shall think she cared for him herself if she keeps going on."

"Lucy!" said Lottie, flushing crimson under her hollow eyes. Lucy, for her part, was as bright as happiness, indignation, high health, and undiminished spirits could make her. But, for my part, I liked her sister best.

"Well!" she said; "and I do think it. You *would* lecture me about him when we were only having a little fun. As if I ever cared for him! And I don't believe," cried Lucy, courageously, "that he ever cared for me."

Her sister kissed her, though she had been so angry. "Don't let us quarrel now when we are going to part," she said, with a strange quiver in her voice. Perhaps she was right; perhaps he had never cared for her, though Lottie and I both thought he did. He cared for neither of them, probably; and there was no chance that he would ever come back to Dinglewood, or show himself where his family had been so disgraced. But yet Lottie brightened up a little after that day, I can scarcely tell why. Some time after she went on a visit to London in the season; and it was very hard work for her, I know, to get some dresses to go in; for she never would have any of Lucy's presents. She was six weeks away, and she came back looking a different creature. The very first morning after her return she came over to me, glowing with something to tell. "Who do you think I met?" she said, with a soft flush trembling over her face. Her look brought one name irresistibly to my mind. But I would not open that old business; I shook my head, and said I did not know.

"Why, Gerald Gresham!" she cried. "It is true, Mrs. Mulgrave; he is painting pictures now—painting, you understand, not for his pleasure, but like a trade. And he told me about Ada and poor Harry. They have gone to America. It has changed him very much, even his looks; and, instead of being rich, he is poor."

"Ah!" I said, "'one of his brothers. You always said it was Gerald;" but I was not prepared for what was to come next.

"Did not I?" cried Lottie, triumphant; "I knew it was him." And then she paused a little, and sat silent, in happy brooding over something that was to come. "And I think she was right," said Lottie, softly. "He had not been thinking of Lucy; it was not Lucy for whom he cared."

I took her hands into my own, perceiving what she meant; and then all at once Lottie fell a crying, but not for sorrow.

"That was how I always deceived myself," she said. "It was so base of me at first; I wanted to marry him because he was rich. And then I thought it was Lucy he liked; she was so young and so pretty." Then she made a long pause, and put my hands upon her hot cheeks, and covered herself with them. "Your hands are so cool," she said, "and so soft and kind. I am going to marry him now, Mrs. Mulgrave, and he is poor."

This is a kind of postscript to the story, but still it is so connected with it that it is impossible to tell the one without the other. We were much agitated about this marriage on the Green. If Gerald Gresham had been rich it would have been a different matter. But a stockbroker's son, with disgrace in the family, and poor! I don't know any one who was not sorry for Mrs. Stoke under this unexpected blow. But I was not sorry for Lottie. Gerald, naturally, is not fond of coming to the Green, but I see them sometimes in London, and I think they suit each other. He tells me of poor Ada every time I see him. And I believe old Mr. Gresham is very indignant at Harry's want of spirit in not beginning again, and at Ada for giving up her settlement, and at Gerald for expending his money to help them—"A pack of fools," says the old man. But of course they will all, even the shipwrecked family in America, get something from him when he dies. As for the mother, I met her once at Lottie's door, getting into her fine carriage with the bays, and she was very affable to me. In her opinion it was all Ada's fault. "What can a man do with an extravagant wife who spends all his money before it is made?" she said as she got into her carriage; and I found it a little hard to keep my temper. But the Greshams and their story, and all the brief splendors of Dinglewood, are almost forgotten by this time by every body on the Green.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTER.

WE give on this page the *fac-simile* of the most characteristic passages in a letter of General U. S. GRANT to his father, written during the Vicksburg campaign, but lately published for the first time in the *Tribune*. The entire letter is a revelation of his true character, and is given below:

MILLIKEN'S BEND, Louisiana, *April* 21, 1863.

DEAR FATHER,—Your letter of the 7th of April has just this day reached me. I hasten to answer your interrogations. When I left Memphis, with my past experience, I prohibited trade below Helena. Trade to that point had previously been opened by the Treasury Department. I give no permits to buy cotton, and if I find any one engaged in the business I send them out of the Department and seize their cotton for the Government. I have given a few families permission to leave the country, and to take with them, so far as Memphis, their cotton. In doing this I have been deceived by unprincipled speculators, who have successfully smuggled themselves along with the army in spite of orders prohibiting them, and have been compelled to suspend this favor to persons anxious to get out of Dixie.

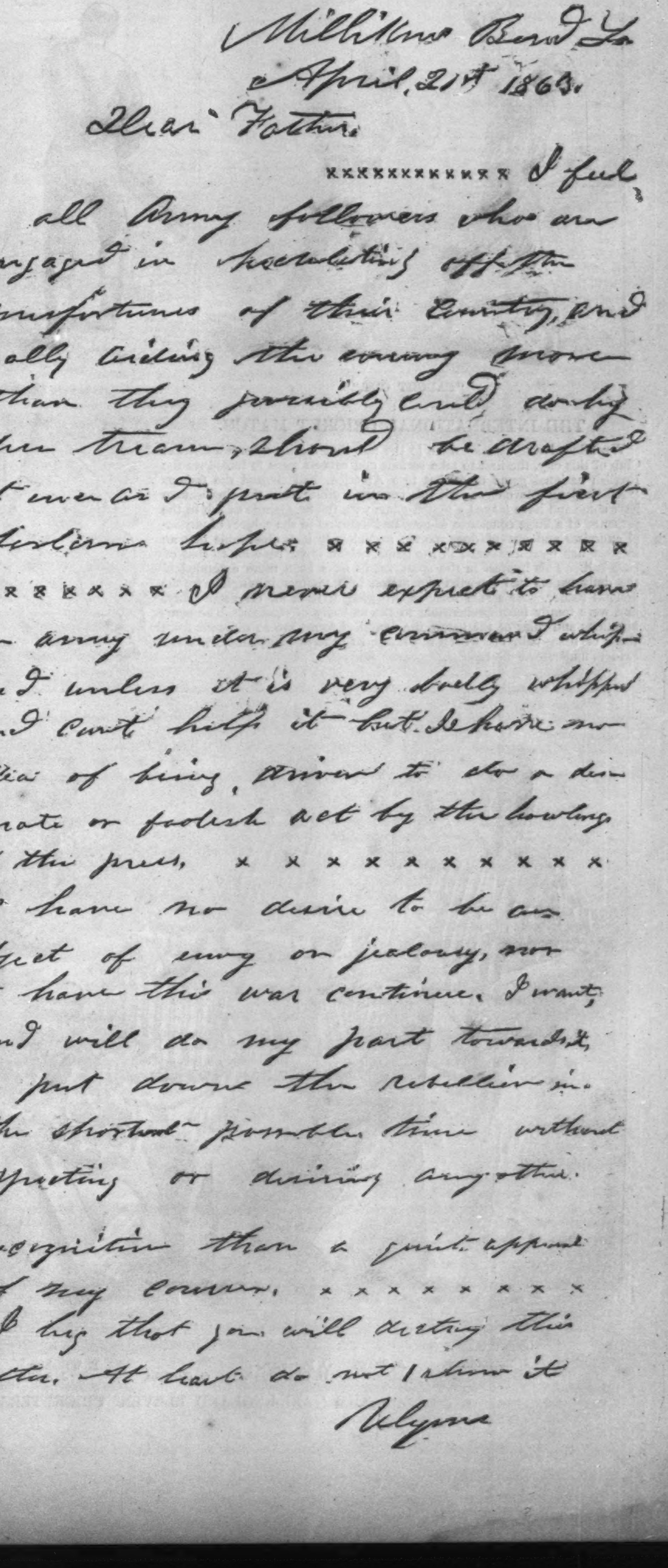
I understand that Government has adopted some plan to regulate getting the cotton out of the country. I do not know what plan they have adopted, but am satisfied that any that can be adopted, except for Government to take the cotton themselves, and rule out speculators altogether, will be a bad one. I feel all army-followers, who are engaged in speculating off the misfortunes of their country, and really aiding the enemy more than they possibly could do by open treason, should be drafted at once and put in the first forlorn hope.

I move my head-quarters to New Carthage to-morrow. This whole country is under water, except strips of land behind the levees, along the river and bayous, and makes operations almost impossible. I struck upon a plan which I thought would give me a foothold on the east bank of the Mississippi before the enemy could offer any great resistance. But the difficulty of the last one and a half miles next to Carthage makes it so tedious that the enemy can not fail to discover my plans. I am doing my best, and am full of hope for complete success. Time has been consumed, but it was absolutely impossible to avoid it. An attack upon the rebel works at any time since I arrived here must inevitably have resulted in the loss of a large portion of my army, if not in an entire defeat. There were but two points of land, Haines Bluff and Vicksburg itself, out of water at any place from which troops could march. These are thoroughly fortified, and it would be folly to attack them as long as there is a prospect of turning their position. I never expect to have an army under my command whipped unless it is very badly whipped and can't help it, but I have no idea of being driven to do a desperate or foolish act by the howlings of the press. It is painful to me, as a matter of course, to see the course pursued by some of the papers. But there is no one less disturbed by them than myself. I have never sought a large command, and have no ambitious ends to accomplish. Were it not for the very natural desire of proving myself equal to any thing expected of me, and the evidence my removal would afford that I was not thought equal to it, I would gladly accept a less responsible position. I have no desire to be an object of envy or jealousy, nor to have this war continue. I want, and will do my part toward it, to put down the rebellion in the shortest possible time, without expecting or desiring any other recognition than a quiet approval of my course.

I beg that you will destroy this letter; at least, do not show it.

Julia and the children are here, but will go up by the first good boat. I sent for her to come down and get instructions about some business I want attended to, and see no immediate prospect of attending to myself.

ULYSSES.



Millikens Bend La
April, 21st 1863.

Dear Father

x x x x x x x x x x x I feel all Army followers who are engaged in speculating off the misfortunes of their country, and really aiding the enemy more than they possibly could do by open treason, should be drafted at once and put in the first forlorn hope. x x x x x x x x x x x

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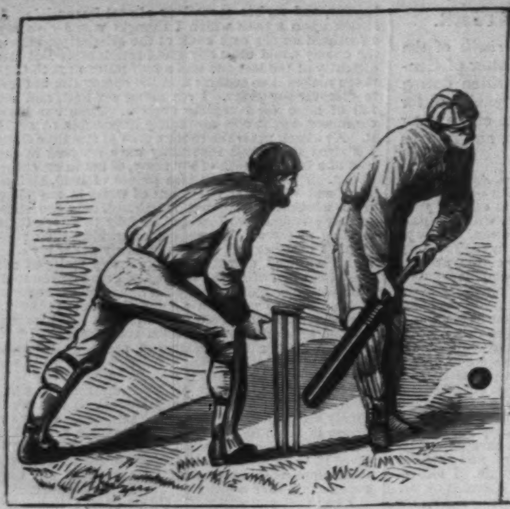
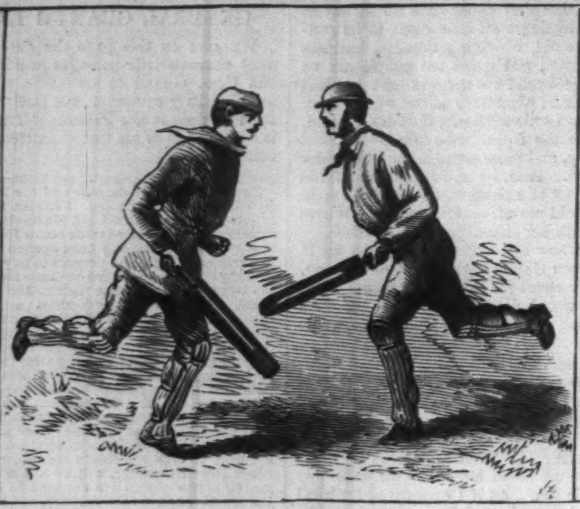
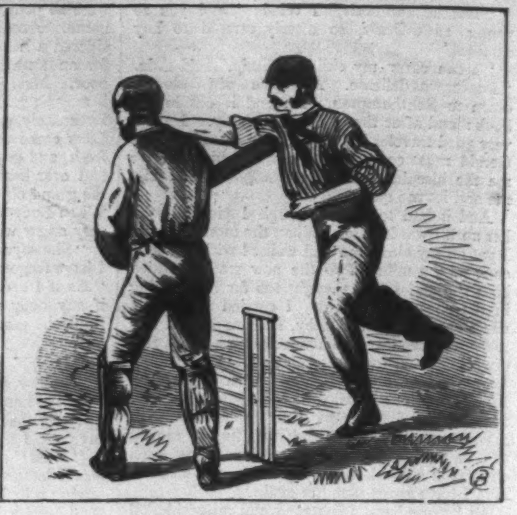
Ulysses



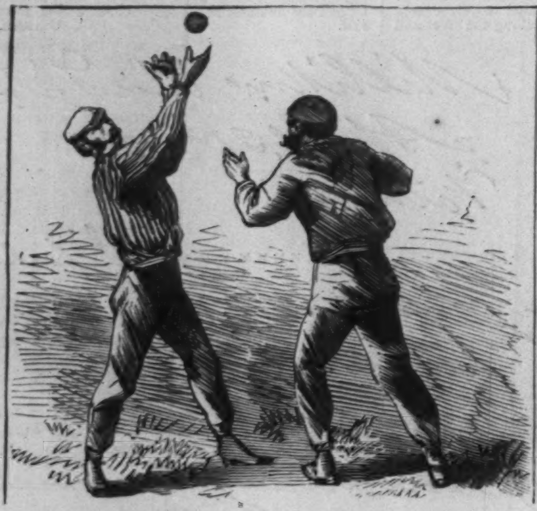
"WICKET-KEEPER" AND "BATSMAN."



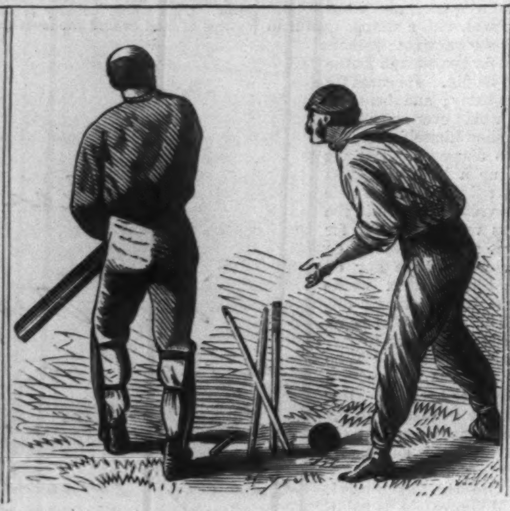
"THE RUN."



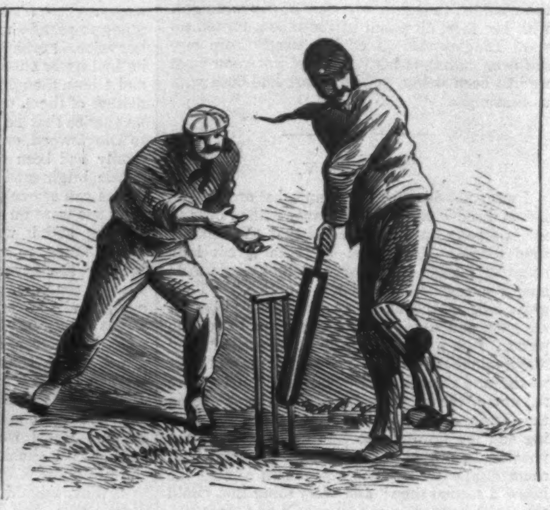
"BOWLING."



"CAUGHT OUT."



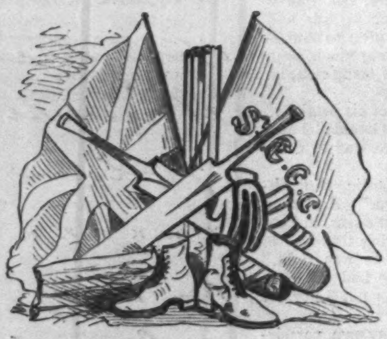
"BOWLED OUT."



"LEG BEFORE WICKET."

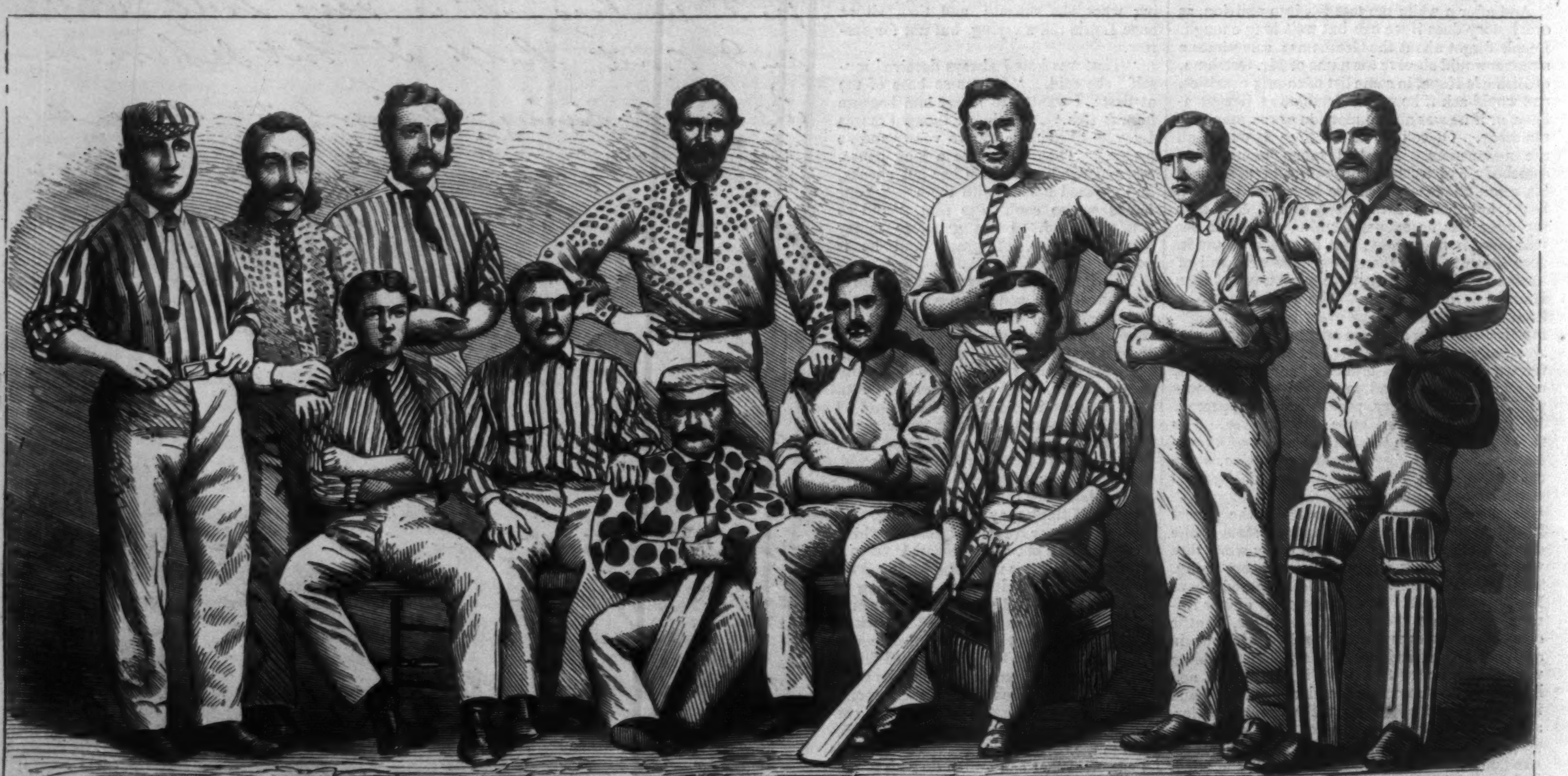
THE INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.

WE alluded some weeks since to the fact that the St. George's Cricket Club of this city, the first to take serious and earnest steps to introduce the English national game of cricket into America, had invited the famous "All-England Eleven" to visit this country. Since then the Englishmen have come and have played a match-game with the St. George's Club in the presence of a large concourse of persons interested in the subject of physical exercises and out-of-door sports; and already it is observable that an interest has been awakened in the game, which is far superior to that of base-ball. This interest in the sport might have been more extended if the daily papers had reported the match in a manner intelligible to the general reader. As a rule their reports were written for cricketers only, and were totally incomprehensible to the majority of readers. The combinations and rules of the game, the technical terms are so different from those of base-ball, or, where the same, so differently applied, that few readers understood the reports.



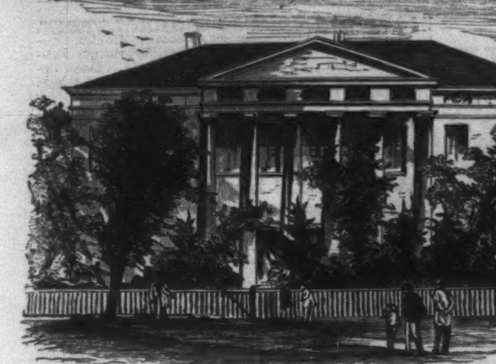
Cricket, or, more properly speaking, "double cricket," is the national game of England as much as base-ball is the national game of America. It is usually played by twenty-two persons, eleven on each side, though on the present occasion the "All-England Eleven" were matched against twenty-two of the St. George's, the former being old professionals, and the latter young amateurs. The materials for the game are a ball, five and a half ounces weight; two bats, four and a quarter by thirty-eight inches; two wickets, each of three sticks of wood, twenty-seven inches above ground; and a "bail," or fourth stick, eight inches long, to go across and on top of them. The wickets are placed twenty-two yards apart. One side takes the bats, the other the field; the latter bowl the ball in efforts to knock down the wickets; the "batsmen" guard the wickets by striking the ball; their "score" or count consists of the runs which they make while the ball is on the fly or in the field; and the whole game is a constant exercise of muscle in batting and running, and skill in bowling and catching the ball.

Our illustrations will convey to the reader a good idea of the points of

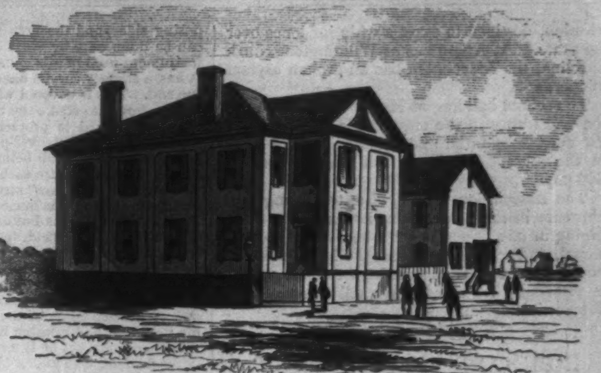


J. Rowbotham. A. Shaw. G. Freeman. H. Charlwood. G. Griffiths. E. Willshire. J. Smith. J. Lillywhite, Jun. G. Tarrant. H. Jupp. T. Humphrey. E. Pooley.

THE "ALL-ENGLAND ELEVEN" CRICKETERS AND THEIR UMPIRE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



EMERSON COLLEGE, MOBILE, ALABAMA.



BEACH INSTITUTE, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

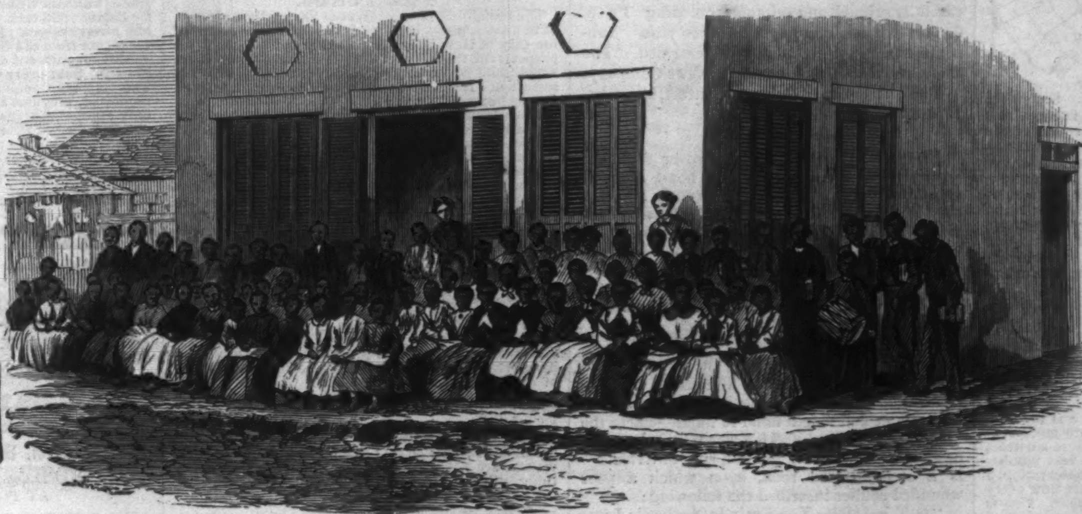
the game, although they do not show a complete "field." We gave in a previous Number (August 1) an engraving showing the whole field in play, to which those interested in the game and anxious to establish it are referred. The first of our small engravings on page 636 shows the positions of the "wicket-keeper" and the "batsman." The former's position is about four or four and a half feet behind the wicket; the latter's in front, and something nearer. The "wicket-keeper" is the captain of the "outs," or "fielders," and it is his duty to see that they are all in their places, directing their movements by signs more than words. The duty of the "batsman" is to guard the wicket from the ball, and to run between the two wickets. There is only one "wicket-keeper," although there are two wickets; the "batsmen" play by turns, changing positions to accommodate the "wicket-keeper" and "bowler," who are stationary.

The second cut represents the two "batsmen" while on the run between the two wickets. They are required to run close enough to the wickets to be able to put their bat on the ground within certain limits. The third illustration shows the position of the "bowler" on the side of the wicket opposite the active "batsman" and the "wicket-keeper." His aim is to bowl down the wicket; many bowlers are very expert with the ball, throwing it with a directness truly wonderful, and by giving it a twist or varying its speed can often deceive the "batsman" into a "wide miss." "Caught out" represents a fielder catching a ball in the air; this always puts out the "batsman" who struck it. "Bowled out" shows the wicket knocked down by the ball direct from the bowler's hand. The sixth and last cut represents the "batsman" being put out by the "bowler" striking his leg. By a rule of the game no part of the person can be interposed for the defense of the wicket.

It is to be hoped that the American youth generally will be induced to adopt this game, and that it will become as prevalent as base-ball, to which it is in many respects far superior. Of its popularity there can be little doubt. Those interested in the sport will find a full and easily comprehended manual of the game in Wood's "Physical Exercises," published a year since by Harper & Brothers—an admirable practical work on all kinds of calisthenics.

We also give on page 636 a group of portraits of the "All-England Eleven."

The match game played by the twenty-two of the St. George's Club and their eleven guests embraced one inning for the Eleven and two for the St. George's. The Eleven made 175 runs in their one inning; the twenty-two only 155 in both.



COAN SCHOOL, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

THE FREEDMEN'S SCHOOLS.

When the North gave freedom to the slaves of the South it saw the necessity of giving them also the education which was necessary to their proper appreciation and employment of their liberty. The people of the North saw, too, that it devolved on them to give this education as it had given liberty, for the old power which had withheld one had prohibited the other, and was not likely to freely offer it now. The North did its duty; the schoolmaster followed the flag wherever it went; missionaries labored most faithfully in the new fields which the invading armies of the country opened as they had never been opened before; the slaves, alive to the fact that they could learn to read openly instead of by stealth, proved most earnest and anxious students; and the good work progressed so favorably and vigorously that, in spite of the violence of old slave-holders and their more rabid dupes, the poor whites, there were in existence at the South on December 31, 1867, 3084 schools, with 6492 teachers and 189,517 pupils. This is the result of a few years' labor against the obstacles of strong opposition from the native whites of the South, and the poverty and almost total ignorance of the class to be instructed. This great work—the true foundation of the real social reconstruction of the South—will have to be stopped, the army of teachers will have to be recalled, the millions of Northern property in school-houses and school-farms will have to be sacrificed, in the event of the triumph of the Southern rebels by the election of Seymour and Blair. The South in such a case would become too dangerous to Northern teachers, and a standing army could not maintain and carry on the work which has been inaugurated by the establishment of the schools for freedmen. Their interruption and discontinuance would be one of the sorest of calamities to the race and the country.

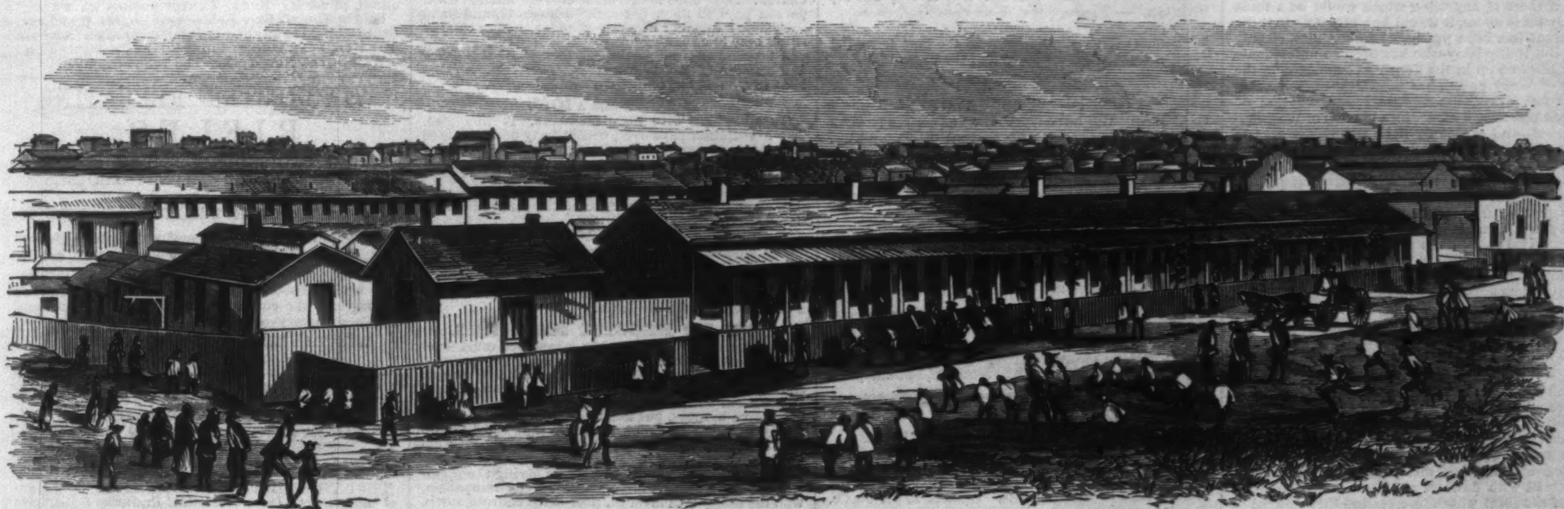
We give on this page illustrations of a number of the most prominent of the schools at the South under the control and direction of the American Missionary Association of New York, among the strongest as well as the earliest organization to engage in the work of educating the freedmen. The latest report of this Association shows that for the last two years it has had about 500 missionaries and teachers in this field, occupying some of the most important places in nearly every Southern State. It is organized on a catholic and evangelical basis, and seeks the co-operation of all evangelical and patriotic men. Last year its disbursements in this field, including the value of clothing, Bibles, etc., was $375,000, and as large a sum is needed to carry out its plans this year.

Its schools have in many places already laid the foundation of a common-school system for their districts or States. One important aim of the Association is to raise up teachers and preachers among the people, as the only possible way of meeting the constantly increasing demand for them. With the aid of the Freedmen's Bureau, and by making all the use it can of the co-operation of the colored people, it has already secured a large number of sites and buildings for high schools, normal schools, and incorporated colleges (not omitting the ambitious University); and it is now straining every nerve to avail itself of present opportunities to establish one or more such institutions in every State where there is a large population of freedmen. In Virginia, at Hampton, where the first slave ship touched our shores, it offers a three years' course of study in a normal and agricultural school, on a farm of 120 acres of choice land, in the cultivation of which the young men defray a considerable part of their expenses; the young women, in like manner, lessening theirs by doing the work of the boarding-house.

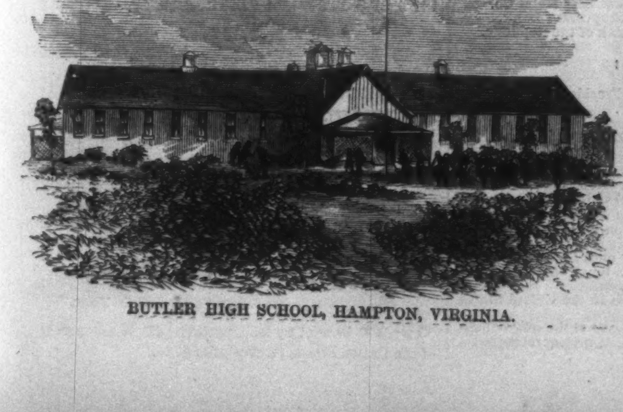
High schools are established in Wilmington and Beaufort, North Carolina; Savannah, Georgia; Memphis and Chattanooga, Tennessee; and Louisville, Kentucky. Normal schools at Charleston, South Carolina; Macon, Georgia; Talladega and Mobile, Alabama; and chartered colleges at Berea, Kentucky, Nashville, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. A peculiar feature of Berea College is, that of the 300 pupils which it numbered last year a little over one-third were white. Its college preparatory class numbered eight; the remainder were in the normal and primary departments.

Fiske University, Nashville, has a charter, a corps of ten instructors, and numbers 413 pupils—88 in the normal department, 85 in grammar-school, and the remainder in the lower department. It stands on a block of land in the city worth at least $16,000.

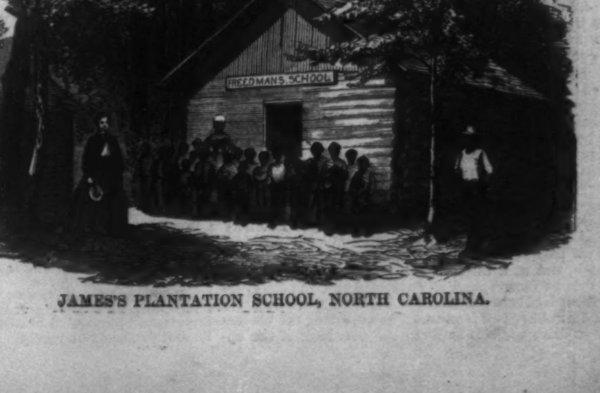
The Atlanta University, Georgia, occupying a choice location in the city, has a large number of students, in the earlier stages of their course. It is laying the foundations for an important in-



FISKE UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.



BUTLER HIGH SCHOOL, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.



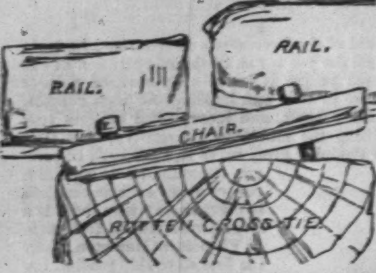
JAMES'S PLANTATION SCHOOL, NORTH CAROLINA.

stitution, destined to exert a wide influence over the State. At Atlanta as at Wilmington, North Carolina, the Association has an orphan asylum in operation.

The school building at Mobile occupies one of the finest sites in the city, and is really one of the most substantial and commodious buildings in the State. It will furnish school-room for 800 pupils.

The Association reports, also, ten evangelical churches in the South under its care, thus combining in one organization a benevolent, educational, and religious work for the lately enslaved and yet persecuted and suffering freedmen, which, if vigorously sustained, must tell effectually on the destinies of the South.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.



WE called attention in our Number for September 19 to the *exposé* by a Boston civil engineer of the dangerous condition of the Portland section of the Grand Trunk Railway. The gentleman has since furnished us the following letter and the accompanying diagram which speak for themselves, and reveal a condition of affairs which every traveler has a right to know in order that he may avoid. We are led to believe that too many of the railroads in this country are in the same horrible condition. Our purpose will have been gained if the attention of the authorities is drawn to this matter. The letter alluded to is as follows:

PARIS, MAINE, *Sept.*, 1868.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to notice the reference in your issue, dated September 19, to the bad condition of the Grand Trunk Railroad. I made the drawings, exhibited in Boston, to which you refer, and they were entirely correct; and I am glad to say have had the effect I intended of waking people up to the shocking condition of the road, which was my only object in exposing it. Such sketches are more convincing than a great deal of talk. I inclose a correct full-size sketch of a rail joint (one of a vast number just as bad) over which, from my own observation, I know that the regular passenger trains are now every day running at over twenty miles an hour. *This is simply a matter of fact;* and I leave you to judge of the character of the managers of the road, and of the Railroad Commissioners of this State, who will allow such things.

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE L. VOSE,
Civil Engineer.

P.S.—The sketch you may use in any way you please, and show to any one, and give my word for its entire correctness; and I could send such sketches by the hundred if it was worth while.

Why can not New York have clean, fresh, wholesome, and substantial markets as well as Philadelphia? If there is any thing which would be a tonic to merely *think* about, it would be a certainty that the food we eat has been purchased from a nice, cleanly place. But if any body who has been so unfortunate as to be blocked up in the Tenth Avenue cars, in the vicinity of Vesey Street, has noted, through the jam of carts and drays, the unsightly accumulation of dirty-looking sheds which form a portion of Washington Market—and especially if he suffers his eyes to rest long on the immense quantity of beef, pork, and mutton which hangs exposed to dust and dirt, he will be likely to eat his dinner that day with silent qualms, not daring to ask where it was procured.

An inspection of the city markets has recently been made by the Common Council Committee. They were surprised to find the buildings of Washington and Fulton markets in a miserable condition—leaky roofs, rotten floors and walls. Other things they found, even less agreeable to mention—but which are to be seen there every day. The City Fathers seemed to be impressed with the idea that something should be done immediately; and the public will be devoutly thankful if the impression deepens into an entire *Reconstruction.*

On Sunday, the 23d of August, while volcanic agencies were still threatening the city of Callao, in Peru, with inundation, a penitential procession organized by the clergy passed through the streets to deprecate the wrath of the sea. The procession gathered around a platform in front of the mole, which was illuminated and covered with flowers, and upon which stood an image of the saint whose intercession they desired to invoke. The name and history of this saint are not generally known. In 1746—so the story goes—after the destruction of Old Callao by earthquake and inundation, an image of some saint was found in one of the sewers, where it was washed by the sea. It was so disfigured that it could not be identified, so the people cleaned, repaired, and adorned it, and placed it on a platform. A procession was formed to bear it to some safer place. At the time the sea was still boisterous, and while the procession stopped to rest near the shore a wonderful miracle was wrought. The sea became calm all at once, and it was, as a matter of course, attributed to the saint, so that there and then it was named Nuestro Señor del Mar (our God of the Sea). Since then this saint has been carefully preserved, and whenever the sea is angry Nuestro Señor is brought out to becalm it.

John B. Gough commences his lecturing tour early in October. All his lecture time has been engaged, he having already declined over eight hundred invitations.

There are not far from seventy-five marriage-brokers in Paris. Two of them pay an income tax of two hundred thousand francs a year. They charge five per cent. on the dower of rich wives, and two per cent. when the fortune of the husband and wife are about equally large. An extra charge is made for procuring husbands with aristocratic titles.

The Indian game of "La Crosse" seems to be coming into vogue, and is considered more attractive than base-ball, requiring more players, and greater activity and skill. There are twelve players on each side. Two flags are placed six feet apart on staffs six feet high, and at a distance of one hundred and eighty yards two corresponding flags are fixed. The playing takes place between these two points. A small sponge India rubber ball is used. The object of the players is to drive the ball between the two flags of the opposing sides, and the men are stationed so that this can be done only by great skill and dexterity. The instrument used in this game is known as "a crosse." It has a slightly curved handle, with a large hook at the end. This is covered with tight net-work, and is used not only to strike the ball, but to catch and carry it. The goal is protected by a "goal-keeper," "point man," and "cover-point man." The game is commenced by the ball being placed in the centre of the field. The men are each armed with his "crosse." The opposing "centres" struggle for the ball, which, as soon as obtained, is hurled to one of the same side. For many minutes, and oftentimes for hours, the ball is hurled about the field, the players all endeavoring to send it between the staffs surmounted by their opponents' colors. The exciting moment is when the ball is in proximity to the goals. The players close in, and their crosses fly like rapiers, when suddenly one of the defenders of the goal catches the ball on his "crosse," and running like a deer, bears it toward the other goal; but he is usually intercepted by some of the fielders, who knock his "crosse," and catch the ball in their own. In Canada thousands turn out to witness "La Crosse," and when the Indians, with whom it originated, measure "crosses" with the veteran white players of Montreal there are tens of thousands to witness it.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.—"*The Plymouth Pulpit*" will be published weekly, containing the current series of Mr. BEECHER'S sermons, commencing with the sermon of Sunday, September 20th. A neat octavo pamphlet, carefully printed, and suitable for binding. Price, 6 cents per single copy; $2 50 per year. Subscriptions received by the undersigned. The trade supplied by the American News Company. J. B. FORD & Co., 164 Nassau Street, Printing-House Square, New York.

FOREIGN HONORS.—The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company can boast of right royal patronage. They have recently supplied two of their Elastic-Stitch Family Sewing Machines to Her Majesty by Royal command, and they also hold appointments from the Empress of the French, the Queen of Spain, and the Emperor of Brazil, while they have also supplied the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria.—*London Mirror.*

HALF WAY up Lookout Mountain, the place where memory is stirred by a thousand thrilling associations, and where the brave boys of both armies met and fought hand to hand—where the blood of both friend and foe was mingled together and ran down the mountain-side in rivulets—is a smooth-faced rock, upon which a poor wounded soldier inscribed the following:

"S. T.—1860—X.—Early in the battle I was wounded, and carried to this spot by two clever 'Yanks.' They bade me farewell, and as they supposed, to die, for I was so weak from loss of blood that I could but faintly thank them for their kindness. They left in my canteen a part bottle of Plantation Bitters, to which I owe my life, for it strengthened me, and kept life within me until help came and my wound was dressed. God bless them for their kindness, and for the Plantation Bitters. HENRY DAVAGEL, Co. B, 10th Ga."—*Times.*

MAGNOLIA WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.

FROM A LONG-ESTABLISHED AND WELL-KNOWN HOUSE.—"We have sold BURNETT'S EXTRACTS (for cooking purposes) for several years, and believe them equal to any we have had hitherto, and find them gradually growing in the public favor." ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, Grocers. NEW YORK, *September* 8, 1868.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Sole Proprietors, 592 Broadway, New York; 27 Central Street, Boston.

These Extracts are for sale every where.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. $1 25 by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh St., Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet, Bath,* and *Nursery,* use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

RUPTURES CURED

Dr. J. A. SHERMAN,

Artistic Surgeon, respectfully offers his services in the application of his Rupture Curative Appliances, at his office.

697 Broadway, cor. 4th St.

The great experience of DR. SHERMAN, resulting from his long and constant devotion to the Treatment and Cure of this disease, assures him of his ability to relieve all, without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the infirmity, or the difficulties which they may have heretofore encountered in seeking relief. Dr. S., as Principal of the Rupture Curative Institute, New Orleans, for a period of more than fifteen years, had under his care the worst cases in the country, all of which were effectually relieved, and many, to their great joy, restored to a sound body.

None of the pains and injuries resulting from the use of other Trusses are found in Dr. Sherman's Appliances; and, with a full knowledge of the assertion, he promises greater security and comfort, with a daily improvement in the disease, than can be obtained of any other person, or the inventions of any other person in the United States.

Prices to suit all classes. It is the only, as well as the cheapest, remedy ever offered the afflicted. Photographic likenesses of cases before and after treatment furnished on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

MANHATTAN
CO-OPERATIVE
RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 658 BROADWAY, Cor. Bond St., N. Y.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate,* setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 658 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Trustees:

E. McMURDY.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, President Star Metal Co.
W. S. CARMAN, President Stuyvesant Bank.
H. W. FORD, the Cashier, Bank of the Republic.
L. W. MURRAY.

Officers:

E. McMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

Messrs. Latham, Emery, & Co., 72 Cedar Street, New York City, General Agents for New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and District of Columbia.

N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

GRAND DUCHESS of GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Lucrezia, Barber of Seville, Fidelio, Crispino e la Comare, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Freischutz, Ballo in Maschera, Sonnambula. Each opera complete for piano solo, with overture and whole of music. Price 50 cents.

"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 29th).

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GENUINE OROIDE GOLD

The Oroide Gold Watch Co. manufacture, on strictly scientific principles (style, finish, and color 18 *carat gold*), a *fac-simile* of the most rare and costly description of *Gold Watches.*

They are manufactured with *Hunting Cases (ladies' and gentlemen's),* have superb Swiss movements, *jeweled, engine-turned,* with compensation spiral spring.

Railroad Conductors, Engineers, Expressmen—the most exacting of our customers—have thoroughly demonstrated the strength, durability, accuracy, and utility of the fac-simile *Waltham Watches,* and pronounce them invaluable as reliable time-keepers.

Fine Swiss Movements, $15; *Patent American fac-simile Waltham Watches,* full jeweled, $20; *Chronometer Balance,* $25 each. Elaborately engraved with new and novel designs. Each watch warranted by special certificate from the Oroide Gold Watch Co.

Also magnificent Oroide Gold Chains, $5, $6, and $7 each. Sent every where, to be paid for on delivery. The Express Company will exhibit the watch when requested, previous to payment of bill, on receipt of only express charges both ways. Our customers are supplied *free* with the Pickpocket Detective and Watch Guard; also mailed separately on receipt of 50 cents. The genuine Oroide Gold Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us. JOHN FOGGAN, Pres't OROIDE GOLD WATCH Co., Importers and Manufacturers, 78 Nassau Street, near Fulton, New York.

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HENRY TUCKER'S NEW SONG AND CHORUS . . . . 25c.
LIVE IN MY HEART AND PAY NO RENT . . . . 30c.
THE EYE THAT BRIGHTENS WHEN I COME . . . . 30c.
PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM . . . . . . 30c.
Arranged for flute or violin, 15c. each. Music mailed.
FREDERICK BLUME, 1125 BROADWAY,
2d door above 25th St. Branch, 208 Bowery.

New Autumn Goods
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ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
AT POPULAR PRICES.
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"THE PATENT CHART,"

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Sold by HOWE'S SEWING MACHINE Co., 699 Broadway. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of $1. Address THE NEW YORK PATENT SHIRT CHART PUBLISHING Co., 4 Wall Street, New York. The Trade supplied.

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RIFLES,
FIRING TWO SHOTS A SECOND AS A REPEATER, AND TWENTY SHOTS
A MINUTE AS A SINGLE
BREECH-LOADER.

These powerful, accurate, and wonderfully effective weapons, carrying eighteen charges, which can be fired in nine seconds, are now ready for the market, and are for sale by all the responsible gun dealers throughout the country. For full information, send for circulars and pamphlets to the

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
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EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.
CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

JUST THE THING for U. S. Gaugers and Cigar Manufacturers. *Dorman's Patent Branding Irons,* with movable Names, Numbers, &c. Price $3 00. Manufactured at the BALTIMORE STENCIL WORKS, 97 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md. Local and traveling agents wanted every where. A good Steel-Letter Cutter wanted.

AGENTS CAN MAKE $50 PER WEEK selling my Campaign Goods. Sample sets sent, postpaid, for $2, of either candidate. JOHN W. NAUGHTON,
175 William Street, New York.

GRANT and SEYMOUR CLUBS
supplied with BADGES, BANNERS, CHARTS, CAPS, CAPES, FLAGS, TORCHES, LANTERNS, &c. Officers, send for estimate. JOHN W. NAUGHTON,
175 William Street, New York.

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This invaluable and indispensable work has already reached its THIRD EDITION since its reconstruction and addition, consisting now of 663 pages. 16mo, Morocco, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.

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☞ Will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $3 00.

ESTABLISHED 1861.

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GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY

RECEIVE THEIR TEAS BY THE CARGO FROM
THE *BEST TEA DISTRICTS* OF
CHINA AND JAPAN,
and sell them in quantities to suit customers
AT CARGO PRICES.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of clubs. They are sold at cargo prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.

Oolong (black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
Mixed (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c.; best, $1 per lb.
English Breakfast (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 20 per lb.
Imperial (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
Young Hyson (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
Uncolored Japan, 90c., $1, $1 10; best, $1 25 per lb.
Gunpowder (green), $1 25; best, $1 50 per lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20 cents, 25 cents, 30 cents, 35 cents; best, 40 cents per pound.

Hotels, saloons, boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our

French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee,

which we sell at the low price of 30 cents per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Roasted (unground), 30c., 35c.; best, 40c. per lb.

Green (unroasted), 25c., 30c., 33c.; best, 35c. per lb.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than Thirty Dollars had better send a Post-office Draft or Money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary packages for clubs of less than Thirty Dollars.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

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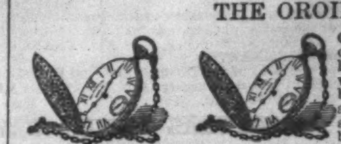

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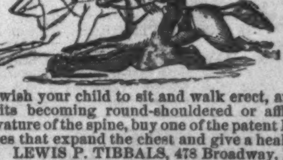

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